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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.













2. C.  
"OUR R'YAL MAJESTY."

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A COMEDY  
IN FIVE ACTS

A DRAMATIZATION BY  
✓  
MARIAN F. DELANOY,

WITH  
DESCRIPTION OF COSTUMES—SCENERY—CAST OF CHARAC-  
TERS—ENTRANCES—EXITS—AND THE WHOLE  
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

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**CAST OF CHARACTERS**

MICHAEL O'TOOLE, Commander of the Carlist Fortress.

JOHN RUSSELL, An English tailor of moderate fortune.

WALTER ASHBY, An English tourist.

HARRY RIVERS, A merchant in Spain.

RALEIGH BROOKE, An American who has come to Spain to marry Dolores.

CAPTAIN LOPEZ, A Spanish Republican.

DON CARLOS, The hope of the Carlists.

MRS. RUSSELL, The tailor's wife.

KATIE WESTOLORN, Her niece, engaged to Ashby.

SYLVIA TALBOT, Who has come to Spain to marry Rivers.

DOLORES GARCIA, A Spanish girl, engaged to Brooke.

RITA, A peasant cook to the Carlists.

EXTRAS, Spanish priest, Carlists, Republicans and Spanish porter.

57274

**COSTUMES**

O'TOOLE.—Long coat, trousers tucked in top boots, sash over shoulder tied at side, sword and belt.

RUSSELL.—*First Dress:* Plaid English tourist's suit and cap. *Second:* Brilliant officer's uniform, helmet and sword. *Third:* Shawl, skirt and bandana.

BROOKE.—*First Dress:* Spanish priest's robe and hat, breviary, spectacles. *Second:* American citizen's dress.

ASHBY }  
RIVERS } English suits.

CAPTAIN LOPEZ.—Spanish officer's uniform.


DON CARLOS.—Spanish citizen's dress, sash and orders.

CURE OF SANTA CRUZ.—Priest's robe, etc.

MRS. R. }  
KATIE } Handsome traveling dresses.  
SYLVIA }

RITA.—Spanish peasant's dress.

DOLORES.—Spanish lady's dress, mantilla of black lace and fan.

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## OUR R'YAL MAJESTY.

.....●●●.....

SCENE.—*A station in Madrid, Spain. Mr. and Mrs. Russell and Katie discovered; Porters wheeling luggage; Peasants, etc.*

RUSSELL. (*fuming and fretting*) Where the deuce is our luggage? I can't make these fool Spaniards understand me.

KATIE. (*aside*) I wonder if Mr. Ashby will be here? (*looks about*)

RUSSELL. I'll go look for it. Katie, stay by your aunt. What the mischief are you looking after? One of those young fools, I suppose. (*Russell exit*)  
(*Enter Capt. Lopez. Goes to Katie. She turns her back.*)

LOPEZ. (*to Mrs. R.*) It gives me much pleasure, Madame Russell, to pay my respects and wish you a safe journey.

MRS. R. A safe journey! Is there any danger, Captain Lopez? (*worried*)

LOPEZ. Well, I don't suppose there is very much danger, but these are troublesome times.

(*Enter Ashby. Rushes to Katie*)

KATIE. Why! Mr. Ashby! I've been looking for you. I was afraid you wouldn't come.

ASHBY. Katie, my little darling, didn't you know I'd come?

LOPEZ. (*to Mrs. R.*) I hope to have the honor to conduct you to your car and to say the adios. (*glares at Ashby*)

MRS. R. Thanks, Captain Lopez. I shall feel very much obliged. (*sharply*) Come Katie.

KATIE. Yes Auntie, in a minute.

ASHBY. I'll see Miss Westolorn to the cars. (*Ashby and Lopez glare at one another.*)

MRS. R. (*vexed*) Katie, I wish you to stay by me.

KATIE. Yes Auntie, of course I shall. (*takes Ashby's arm*)

MRS. R. Katie! Katie! Do you hear me?

LOPEZ. (*to Mrs. R.*) Madame Russell, command me. (*eagerly looking at Kate*) Shall I help?

ASABY. Katie, my darling. I've something to say to you—

MRS. R. Katie, come here at once.

LOPEZ. (*to Mrs. R.*) Oh! madam, you know I love the miss. Shall I conduct her? (*glares at Ashby*)

MRS. R. (*frightened*) Oh! no-no-Oh! no. (*aside*) They'll surely quarrel. He's so jealous of Mr. Ashby.

LOPEZ. (*to Mrs. R.*) Madame, pray command me. (*eagerly*)

MRS. R. (*to Lopez*) I think I shall ask you to conduct me to the train, Captain Lopez. (*takes his arm; exit Lopez and Mrs. R.*)

ASHBY. (*to Katie*) Katie, I'm going too.

KATIE. Oh! how perfectly lovely.

ASHBY. I'm going with you to Bayonne.

KATIE. Mr. Russell won't let you go in our car.

ASHBY. I'm going in another car; but see here, take this letter. (*gives it*) I'll see you at Bayonne. You must do as I say, my darling, and we'll be married in spite of old Russell.

KATIE. Oh look! Captain Lopez is going into our car; he's going with us.

ASHBY. The infernal sneak! Why, old Russell hates him worse than he does me; he can't go.

MRS. R. (*outside*) Katie, Katie, I want you to come to me.

ASHBY. In a moment.

KATIE. I'd better go, she is so awfully horrid.

ASHBY. (*takes her in his arms, kisses her*) There, good bye darling, we'll be married at Bayonne in the morning in spite of them.

(*Enter Russell in a fury. Katie throws Ashby a kiss and runs*)

RUSSELL. (*in a fury*) Look here sir, didn't I tell you—I say sir, look here you scoundrel—didn't I tell you sir!

ASHBY. And look here you, none of this insolence. You know very well that Katie is engaged to me and I mean to make her my wife.

RUSSELL. Never! You never shall.

ASHBY. Pooh! Pooh!

RUSSELL. You shall not marry her. Never!

ASHBY. (*aside*) The pigheaded old fool.

RUSSELL. (*aside*) I saw that fellow Lopez here; fine job a man has taking care of a girl like Katie. (*exit*)

ASHBY. Now he'll have a row with Captain Lopez.

RUSSELL. (*outside to Lopez*). What the devil are you doing here! Get out! (*screaming*) Get out you infernal Dago.

LOPEZ. (*outside*) Madame Russell has given me permission.

RUSSELL. (*outside*) Madame Russell be hanged. Get out! Get out, or I'll kick you out.

ASHBY. Damn that Spanish devil.

LOPEZ. (*coming on talking to Russell*) Senor, I advise you not to try violence.

RUSSELL. (*following*) Damn you, get out! (*kicks him*) Get out I say.

ASHBY. (*aside*) Serves him right.

LOPEZ. (*to Russell*) Senor Russell, you have insulted me. I am going on the train to Bayonne.

RUSSELL. Go to thunder, I don't care.

LOPEZ. This insult shall be wiped out in blood. I am a Spaniard! We will find a time and a place.

RUSSELL. (*frightened; aside*) Oh Lord! a duel, a duel—Oh Lord!!

LOPEZ. Senor, I will communicate with you. (*exit*)

RUSSELL. A duel! Oh, I'll be murdered. Oh! (*exit*)  
(*Enter Rivers; sees Ashby*)

RIVERS. Well! By Jove! Helloo old boy! Ashby! By all that's wonderful.

ASHBY. Rivers! Harry Rivers! How are you my boy? Where are you going?

RIVERS. To Bayonne.

ASHBY. Bayonne! I'm going to Bayonne too.

RIVERS. Look here, old chap, you look a little down in the mouth. No bad luck, I hope.

ASHBY. No! Oh no. Fact is, I'm meditating matrimony.

RIVERS. Matrimony ! Same fix myself, old boy.

ASHBY. That so ?

RIVERS. Yes. Do you remember Miss Talbot, Silvia Talbot ?

ASHBY. Yes. Well ?

RIVERS. She has come from England ; I'm to meet her at Bayonne ; and we are to be married to-morrow.

ASHBY. That's all right. But mine is a sort of runaway match, you see.

RIVERS. By Jove, only think of a fellow like you, planning a runaway match, ha ! ha !

ASHBY. I've asked her to clear out and leave her friends, and marry me to-morrow.

RIVERS. Where is she now ?

ASHBY. Here. She is in the train with her aunt.

RIVERS. What is her name ?

ASHBY. Westolorn, Katie Westolorn.

RIVERS. Never heard of her.

ASHBY. You see she is an orphan, and her guardian don't like me. The beastly old cad, why he's a tailor, only a tailor, just think of that, a tailor and Katie's guardian.

RIVERS. A tailor, eh !

ASHBY. Do you suppose I'm going to stand any nonsense from a tailor ?

RIVERS. Depends if you owe him much. So you rather slighted the guardian, eh ?

ASHBY. Well, I told him to go to the devil, and the old fool took offense.

RIVERS. Odd that, to take offense at such a simple remark. Well, how are you going to manage it ?

ASHBY. I'll tell you. I've asked her to meet me at Bayonne. The English chaplain can tie the knot, and then we will cut away to England.

RIVERS. How about the lady ? Will she consent ?

ASHBY. Consent ! She'll jump at the chance, you bet.

RIVERS. She must be very fond of you.

ASHBY. Fond of me ! Why, she is perfectly infatuated about me.

RIVERS. I say Ashby, do you know that the Carlists are raising the devil up north ?

ASHBY. The Carlists !

RIVERS. I've heard that they held up the train from Barcelona this morning.

ASHBY. Held up the train ?

RIVERS. I'm rather worried about Miss Talbot.

ASHBY. Well, this is a blooming country Carlists and brigands, and Lord knows what else.

RIVERS. Well, I hope we won't be held up. I am awfully worried about Sylvia.

ASHBY. Well I must look after my luggage. I'll be back soon. (*exit*)

*Enter porter with truck piled with boxes, valises etc. Russell running after.*

RUSSELL. (*to porter*) Here you—Hi there, that's mine. I say (*porter goes on*) what the deuce are you doing ?

PORTER. Senor ? Senor ?

RUSSELL. That's mine I say. (*tries to take box, porter struggles.*) (*Russell bawls*) That's mine. (*makes a grab, upsets luggage, falls on his back, luggage over him.*) Thunder and guns. You blawsted idiot.

RIVERS. Great Scott ! Its old Russell, used to be my tailor.

Mrs. R. (*rushing in*) John ! Oh John ! are you hurt.

KATIE. (*coming in*) Oh uncle ! ha, ha, ha, ha !

RIVERS. Hello Russell, can I give you a lift? (*helps him up*)

RUSSELL. (*panting*) Mr. Rivers ! Thanks, these fool Dagos—thanks. Oh ! I'm nearly killed. (*Katie and Mr. R. pick up boxes etc.*)

RIVERS. Where are you going ?

RUSSELL. To Bayonne.

RIVERS. To Bayonne ? So am I.

RUSSELL. Mr. Rivers, my wife, my niece, Miss Westolorn. Katie, Mr. Rivers.

KATIE. Mr. Rivers.

Mrs. R. Mr. Rivers.

RIVERS. (*aside*) Don't blame Ashby, by Jove. If I wasn't engaged to Sylvia Talbot I'd fall in love with her myself.

RUSSELL. I say Rivers, come along in our car.

KATIE. Yes, Mr. Rivers, do.

*Mrs. R. takes boxes and valise, exit with Russell.*

RIVERS. I'll be delighted.

KATIE. Are you to stay long at Bayonne ?

RIVERS. No, you see I am looking for a friend.

KATIE. Won't I do ; ha, ha.

RIVERS. Ha, ha ! This friend is a lady.

KATIE. Oh, lady love ? ha-ha-ha !

RIVERS. We are to be married at Bayonne.

KATIE. I'll tell you a secret. I'm to be married at Bayonne too. A secret, mind you.

RIVERS. We'll be friends then. Do you know I think you are awfully nice ?

KATIE. Do you ? Well I think you are awfully nice too.  
*Enter Ashby, enter Russell.*

RUSSELL. (*aside*) There's that puppy Ashby again. (*calls to Katie*) Katie, Katie !

KATIE. (*throws a kiss to Ashby*) Yes, I'm coming uncle.

RIVERS. We'd better go.

*Exit Russell, Rivers and Kate.*

ASHBY. (*looking after them*) How the dickens did Harry get into old Russell's good graces ? (*walks up and down*)

*Enter Dolores, watches him.*

ASHBY. (*turns, sees Dolores, stops*) By Heaven ! Dolores ! (*goes to her*) Oh Dolores !

DOLORES. Oh ! Senor Ashby does not seem quick to recognize old friends.

ASHBY. I had no idea that you were here. I thought you were at Valencia. Are you alone ?

DOLORES. Yes, from here to Bayonne. And are you on your way to England, Senor ?

ASHBY. No. I'm going to Bayonne. What a lucky chance.

DOLORES. Not altogether chance.

ASHBY. What ?

DOLORES. Why, I saw you.

ASHBY. Saw me ?

DOLORES. Yes, I was in the station and I've been watching you all the time (*smiling*). Now sir.

ASHBY. You are the same Dolores you were a year ago.

DOLORES. Always the same—always. And now Senor, the beautiful English girl—who is she.

ASHBY. This—a—ah—lady?

DOLORES. Yes.

ASHBY. She is a Miss Westolorn.

DOLORES. And she loves you very dearly and tenderly--and—and—you—you are to be married to her? You never mentioned her to us at Valencia.

ASHBY. No.

DOLORES. And why not?

ASHBY. I had not seen her then.

DOLORES. (*sadly*) Ah, and she loves you and—she is to be—your wife—the English girl.

ASHBY. Well—it—it—the fact is—I—I did ask her to be my wife.

DOLORES. (*eagerly*) And she?

ASHBY. She—she said she would, I—think,

DOLORES. You think!

ASHBY. There's a difficulty.

DOLORES. A difficulty!

ASHBY. Yes, her guardian won't consent.

DOLORES. That's nothing—run away with her.

ASHBY. But there is another objection.

DOLORES. Another objection! What?

ASHBY. I—I don't want to.

DOLORES. Don't want to!

ASHBY. I thought—I loved her, but—but since I've seen you again I feel that I—I don't.

DOLORES. Oh Senor Ashby!

ASHBY. Oh my little dark-eyed Dolores. My darling Dolores. (*tries to kiss her*)

DOLORES. Oh don't, you will break my heart. (*cries*)

ASHBY. Dolores?

DOLORES. I thought you had forgotten me and—and—Mr. Brooke—oh, Mr. Brooke,

ASHBY. Damn Mr. Brooke. Who is Mr. Brooke.

DOLORES. I'm going to Bayonne to marry him. (*cries*)

GUARDS. (*outside*) All aboard. Train to Bayonne. All aboard.

ASHBY. Come Dolores, the train is going to start. (*exit both*)

GUARDS. All aboard for Bayonne.

*Whistles, bells etc. People rush for cars.*

## SECOND ACT.

Scene—A Moorish room in an old Spanish castle, large open fireplace of stone or brick; no furniture; trunks, valises, etc. Small, low trunk in front of fireplace.

*Russell discovered in despair, sitting on trunk, Rivers standing near.*

RUSSELL. (*frightened*) What did—di—di you—you think they are going—to do with us? They let the Spaniards all go.

RIVERS. Who?

RUSSELL. Why these Carlists—who ki—kip—captured. us. They let Lope go.

RIVERS. Carlists! Well, I don't think they are Carlists. They are brigands. Carlists are not robbers.

RUSSELL. I'm—I'm scared to death, we'll all be ki—kik—killed.

RIVERS. Bosh man! They will hold us for ransom, and plunder us. That's bad enough though.

RUSSELL. Did—di—did—you think they'll—gi—go so far as to plunder us?

RIVERS. Haven't a doubt of it.

RUSSELL. Oh Lord! This ki—ki—cursed country!

RIVERS. You haven't carried any great sum of money with you—surely?

RUSSELL. My money is all in bonds.

RIVERS. Bonds!!

RUSSELL. Yes, coupon bonds.

RIVERS. Coupon bonds!! Whew! Why man, what in Heaven's name are you doing with coupon bonds in this country?

RUSSELL. They are Spanish bonds.

RIVERS. Whew! How much?

RUSSELL. All I have in the world. Ten thousand pounds.

RIVERS. Ten thousand pounds!! Good Lord! You'll lose it, every cent!

RUSSELL. I'll be—bub—be ruined. Ruined!! (*groans*)

RIVERS. You'll be searched, and they'll be taken. I hope the ladies are well treated.

RUSSELL. I must hide them.

RIVERS. That's about the best thing you can do. I'm worried about the ladies.

RUSSELL. If Mrs. Russell was here she might sew them in my clothes. (*groans*)

RIVERS. Absurd! Why those fellows would find them, even if you sewed them in your shoe laces.

RUSSELL. Oh Lord! Oh Lord!!

RIVERS. (*yawning*) Well I think I'll take a little snooze. You'd better hide those bonds somewhere in the room. (*exit*)

RUSSELL. (*looking about*) Where the deuce can I hide them? Wonder if I could hide them in the chimney? (*goes to fireplace*) Great Scott, what a fireplace. Seems to be shelves in there. (*looks up*) It's pretty dark up there. Don't think they'd look up there. (*hides bonds*) There, that's all I can do. (*starts*) Wha—wha—what's that now.

RITA (*enters with note*) The chief senda me with lettaire.

RUSSELL. A letter!

RITA. Si Senor, a lettaire. (*gives it, exit*)

RUSSELL. (*reading*) His Majesty, Don Carlos, will be graciously pleased to call on Lord John Russell in a few moments. (*aloud*) Don Carlos! Then they are Carlists. (*reads*) Lord John Russell (*aloud*), why, they must take me for LORD Russell. (*smiles*) Oh well, very natural. (*struts*) H'm, Lord Russell eh! Lord Russell.

O'TOOLE. (*entering*) Me Lord, Our R'yal Majesty is plaised to see ye, so we are; we're proud to mate wid the loikes of ye bedad.

RUSSELL. You—you speak English?

O'TOOLE. A few sintinces, me Lord.

RUSSELL. Why you speak it first rate, Your Majesty.

O'TOOLE. Av coorse I have a forrin accint.

RUSSELL. (*in embarrassment, aside*) How ought I to act) I wonder. (*falls on knees, kisses O'T's hand.*)

O'TOOLE. Rise Me Lord, we're not over-fond of coort atykit, though our ancistors were divils of fellers at it. Beggorra, what we loike is a good dinner and a dhrap of some-thin' warruin to drink. Ye's heard the ould song: (*sings*)

Oh a taste av salt and a plate of praties,  
 And a dhrap of whiskey to wash thim down,  
 An a tasty duhdeen to aid dagistion.

That's the fashion in Limerick town. (*takes bottle from pocket, drinks, offers R.*) Drink, Me Lord, to the fairest av the fair—I mane the pareless Lady Katie, yer daughter.

RUSSELL. My ward, Your Majesty.

O'TOOLE. Yer ward is it! (*eagerly*) An' is she rich thin?

RUSSELL. Well—well, she's worth fifty thousand pounds.

O'TOOLE. Fifty thousand pounds!! (*aside*) Shure I got a prize.

RUSSELL. (*loftily*) Now, I don't call that rich you know. Why it's just comfortable, that's all.

O'TOOLE. (*anxiously*) An' what do you call rich, Me Lord?

RUSSELL. (*grandly*) Oh—oh—well a couple of hundred thousand pounds, or so.

O'TOOLE. Thim's me own sintemints, intoirely.

RUSSELL. (*pompously*) When I was worth a hundred thousand, I thought I was somebody, but I soon learned what a paltry sum that was.

O'TOOLE. (*aside*) I saw by the cut av him, he must be a millionaire at laste.

RUSSELL. Two hundred thousand pounds are necessary to make a man rich, not a penny less, not a penny less sir.

O'TOOLE. I shuppose ye have an ixtinsive acquaintance wid the continintal nobility?

RUSSELL. Of course! Between you and me though, I think they're a beggarly lot.

O'TOOLE. (*aside*) Shure I've made a big haul this toime. I'll make some money out av him.

RUSSELL. Why sire, there are lots of respectable English merchants, TAILORS, for instance, who could buy out these Continental Nobles. Out and out.

O'TOOLE. An now Me Lord, we must confide in ye the object of our r'yal visit, so we must.

RUSSELL. (*aside*) Hope I made a good impression.

O'TOOLE. Me Lord, ye know, no doubt, that we are a bachelor. (*drinks from bottle*) I say we are a bachelor.

RUSSELL. Yes, Your Majesty.

O'TOOLE. Widout love, we won't marry. Where our r'yal heart isn't concerned, our r'yal hand don't go (*drinks*), not a bit av it.

RUSSELL. (*aside*) What the deuce does he mean?

O'TOOLE. Now we niver saw the woman we'd be willin to raise to the throne av Spain until we saw yer ward, the charrumin', the bawitchin' Lady Katie.

RUSSELL. (*starts*) Why—why.

O'TOOLE. Nay Me Lord, start not, we have'nt addressed the Lady Katie on that pint yit. We've acted in accoordance wid r'yal usage, an' now make a forrumal offer to the gyarjean of the lovely being.

RUSSELL. Oh Your Most Royal Majesty. (*aside*) What shall I say?

O'TOOLE. Will ye give yer consent, Me Lord, and allow yer ward to become the Quane of Spain?

RUSSELL. Oh Your Most Gracious Majesty, I—I—I—

O'TOOLE. Ye see ye would be father-in-law to the Quane. Ye'd be made the Minister of War; ye'd be made Juke of Gibraltar, or anything ye axed for. Ye'd be Chafe Advisor to Our R'yal Majesty, that's me (*slaps himself*), ye know, an av coorse it isn't ivery day ye have a chance loike that, bedad.

RUSSELL. Bu—but!

O'TOOLE. Shure to glory! I know what ye'r thinkin'. It's relageon. That's aisy. Love's stronger than relageon any day. (*sings*)

There was once a Ballyshannon spinster,  
Fell in love wid a prodestan minster,  
But the praste refused to publish the banns,  
So they both run away to the Mussulmans.

RUSSELL. Oh Your Majesty, if my ward is willing—I—I—  
—but—Your Majesty does me great honor.

O'TOOLE. Me Lord, it's yerself does me the honor entirely.

RUSSELL. Don't mention it, Your Majesty.

O'TOOLE. Its meself that's bothered about the accommodations here ye have. It's a cowl'd damp room, and no furniture at all, at all.

RUSSELL. Well, it is rough on a man who has been used to high living. I'm dreadful afraid of rheumatiz.

O'TOOLE. Don't spake another worruld about it. I'll find ye another room where ye'll be comfortable as the Quane of England.

RUSSELL. (*aside*) Good Lord! My bonds! (*aloud*) I dare say—I—I'll—da—do very well where I am.

O'TOOLE. Do very well is it! What! An' ye wid the rheumatiz? Shure to glory, an' ye'll do nothin av the kind. I'll get ye a room where ye'll be warrum.

RUSSELL. Bu—but—I like the—the view—and—and the—the ventilation, it's splendid, in fact it's—it's (*desperately*) the finest room I ever saw.

O'TOOLE. (*aside*) Arrah the rogue, he's got somethin' hid about, shure.

RUSSELL. I assure your Royal Majesty it's a noble room, a—a—grand room.

O'TOOLE. Oh sure ye'r too modest, so ye are. Lave it to me, I'll fix it all fer ye.

RUSSELL. (*aside*) Oh! Darnation! Oh! Oh!

O'TOOLE. Its pained I am to throuble ye, but I'm under the nasasatude av subjectin' ye to an axamination av yer clothes.

RUSSELL. My clothes!

O'TOOLE. Yes, to gyard agin anythin' bein consaled about ye.

RUSSELL. But I've nothing concealed.

O'TOOLE. Shure to glory, I'm knowin' ye wouldn't desave Our R'yal Majesty, so I do. It's only a mere forrum, Me Lord, an' I've got a foine shuit for ye.

RUSSELL. I don't see any.

O'TOOLE. They're in the nixt room, and whin' ye get these off, I'll let ye have thim. Ye see ye might have no end of valable dockymints stetched in yer clothes.

RUSSELL. But, Your Royal Majesty, on my honor, I've nothing stitched in my clothes.

O'TOOLE. Shure Me Lord, I wouldn't for the worruld be after hintin' that ye ever spake anythin' but the truth. How-indiver, I'll tell ye sumthin'. By the marest accident, I was standin' by the door, and I heard a confab betwane ye and Rivers, and ye know what ye said. Said ye had some Spanish bonds to the chune av tin thousand pounds, an so I'm

goin to instichute a investigation over yer clothes, an' over yer trunks an' over yer room, an' I'm not goin to rist till I git thim bonds. Oh ! Ye naden't say nothin'. Now walk in there. I'll follow.

*Exit both, enter Rivers, yawning, looks about.*

RIVERS. Whew ! Russell gone ? How's this ? They must have taken him away.

*Katie appears in fire-place, sees R, screams, runs back.*

RIVERS. Why that was Miss Westolorn. (*calls*) Katie, Katie.

KATIE. (*coming out*) Sh'h'h, are you alone ?

RIVERS. Why Katie ! How in the world did you get here ?

KATIE. It's a secret passage. I found it.

RIVERS. Secret passage ?

KATIE. We're in the room above. It's just like this one, fire-place and all. I was looking in the chimney and found steps, and thought I'd climb down, and isn't it lovely. I didn't expect to see you.

RIVERS. Are you glad to see me ?

KATIE. Awfully ! Auntie's up there, and a young Spanish girl, Dolores. They are asleep.

RIVERS. Are you frightened, Katie ?

KATIE. Frightened ? Ha, ha, ha ! Why I've been having the greatest fun.

RIVERS. Fun ! Fun !

KATIE. And I'm just bursting to tell some one. That's you, you know.

RIVERS. I don't see any fun—

KATIE. Oh it's that absurd old Paddy king—Don Carlos, he calls himself.

RIVERS. Paddy king ?

KATIE. Ha-ha-ha ! Oh he's so utterly ridiculous, and the best fun of all is, he's in love with me—you know.

RIVERS. In love with you ?

KATIE. Of course ! Why not ?

RIVERS. The infernal cad ! Damn him ! What does he mean ? I'll break his neck.

KATIE. Oh ! what naughty language.

RIVERS. What does the fellow mean ?

KATIE. Mean? Why he means to try to marry me, and make me Queen of Spain. Ha-ha-ha! He's so funny.

RIVERS. Oh Katie, how can you laugh? Don't you know this is awful, awful?

KATIE. Why what do you mean, you silly boy? Ha-ha! I dote on adventures like this.

RIVERS. We don't know into whose hands we have fallen, and you are so much in their power. Oh! we must fly, we must find some way to escape. I'll hunt along the passage to-night.

KATIE. But then you'll be going off and leaving poor me behind.

RIVERS. Leave you! Never!

KATIE. (*delighted*) Wouldn't you, really?

RIVERS. Never. I wouldn't go a step without you. I'd rather be a prisoner with you, than be a free man without you.

KATIE. Sure and honest now, cross your heart to die?

RIVERS. Oh Katie, I'd rather be here with you, than anywhere else in the world without you.

KATIE. Oh Harry! What would Mr. Ashby say to me—if—if—He thinks the world of me.

RIVERS. Oh bother Mr. Ashby—there, keep your shawl around you (*places shawl*), there. I'm afraid you'll get cold—poor little girl. There—there.

KATIE. (*sighing*) You're awfully kind to me, Harry.

RIVERS. Its because I'm so fond of—of the shawl. I love to arrange it for you. I'd like to take it away with me

KATIE. Would you really?

RIVERS. Above all things—but one.

KATIE. What's that?

RIVERS. Why of course I'd rather take what's inside the shawl.

KATIE. Well I'm sure what's inside the shawl would like to go.

RIVERS. My little sweetheart. (*kisses her*)

KATIE. Oh Harry—I love you so—

RIVERS. Hush! Some one is coming.

*Katie runs to fire-place, starts back, screaming.*

KATIE. Some one is in there.

DOLORES. (*from fire-place*) Katie ! Katie !

KATIE. Why ! It's our dear darling Dolores.

DOLORES. (*coming out*) Why Katie, how you frightened me. See (*holds up bonds*) what I found there. Some papers.

RIVERS. By Jove, it's old Russell's bonds.

KATIE. (*to Dolores*) Is Auntie awake ?

DOLORES. No, she's sound asleep, and (*laughing*) snoring too.

KATIE. If she should wake and miss us, she'd be awfully scared.

RIVERS. (*aside*) Plague take that Spanish girl coming down here.

DOLORES. (*to Katie*) You take the bonds.

KATIE. Where could I put them. I've no pocket in this dress. You put them under your jacket.

RIVERS. That's the best thing. Take them up stairs and hide them.

KATIE. Poor Uncle, he'd die if he lost those bonds. I wonder where he is. Poor old Uncle, he's always in trouble.

RIVERS. He was here a few minutes ago. I went to sleep and when I woke he was gone.

DOLORES. (*aside*) I hope Katie won't find Mr. Ashby. He's on the floor above us. I've seen him and he promised to meet me in the fire-place to-night.

RIVERS. (*whispering to Katie*) I'll see you to-night. I'll come up.

KATIE. (*to Rivers*) You dear boy.

DOLORES. (*aside*) I'll not tell Katie where the secret passage goes.

KATIE. Listen !

*O'Toole singing outside.*

DOLORES. Sh'h'h.

RIVERS. Run—run.

*Screams from girls, both exit.*

O'TOOLE. (*Enters with Russell's clothes on arm, looks around*) Howly Mowses, an' what the divil is all the noise about ? Sure I thought I heard faymale voices, so I did.

RIVERS. Voices ! Where ? Voices ? Rats !

O'TOOLE. Sure thin it's the rats, that's just what it is I'll send in a trap.

RIVERS. Sir, will you be so kind as to tell me why we are held here ?

O'TOOLE. Well ye see, we must be havin' money to carry on the war, an' its meself that's pained to be after holdin' ye for taxes. I hope we'll come to terrums.

RIVERS. I suppose that means we're to be held for ransom.

O'TOOLE. Begorra, ye've hit it.

RIVERS. How much will it be ?

O'TOOLE. I'll not be expectin' much from you, but be-dad, Lord Russell will be after payin' a hundred thousand pounds, so he will, an' be gettin' off aisy at that.

RIVERS. Lord Russell !

O'TOOLE. Shure, Lord Russell.

RIVERS. Lord Russell ! Why he is not a Lord. He's a tailor. John Russell, tailor, of Manchester, England.

O'TOOLE. A tailor ! A tailor is it. The spalpeen, to be a desavin' av us. I'll be avin wid him yit, so I will.

*Enters Russell in fine uniform, hat, and sword.*

RIVERS. Great guns ! If it isn't Russell.

O'TOOLE. Be the powers, ye ought to be grateful to Our R'yal Majesty for makin' ye put on thim clothes.

RIVERS. (*aside*) That's the king, is it ?

O'TOOLE. (*to Russell*) Ye look like a commander-in-chafe. Ye look like the Juke of Wellington, hisself.

RIVERS. (*aside*) Spanish kings must be rum sort of fellows if he's a specimen.

O'TOOLE. (*points with thumb at clothes on arm*) Shure, it's a long job I'll be havin' wid these clothes.

RUSSELL. How so ?

O'TOOLE. Shure, it's the axaminin' I've got to do. When I git through wid them clothes, it'll take a professional tailor (*looks hard at Russell*), wid a crayative janious to put that same togedder agin. An' that's no loie I'm tellin'.

RUSSELL. What will I wear when I go away ?

O'TOOLE. Thim clothes belonged to a gintleman what stopped here a month ago. He wint away in another shuit, and left these bahint, as ye'll be lavin' yours, an' wear these an' take Our R'yal blessin' wid yez.

RIVERS. (*aside*) I suppose I'm in for it next.

O'TOOLE An' now, Mr. Rivers, if ye plase.

RIVERS. (*aside*) What ever will become of us?

O'TOOLE. Ye'll walk along if ye plase sir. (*exit Rivers and O'Toole*)

RUSSELL. (*admiring self, struts*) I've made many a fine uniform, but never a finer one than this. I must look mighty handsome. H'm, Lord Russell, Ah.

RITA. (*enters with spring trap, admires R.*) Oh beautiful—lovela—gran' prince.

RUSSELL. (*turns, sees Rita, aside*) How she does admire me. She's deuced pretty.

RITA. The chief senda me bring trap, rata trap, see? I fixa him in cheemny (*puts trap in fire-place*), I thinka. There!

RUSSELL. So you speak English, my dear?

RITA. Oh yes, me been Cuba, speak Englees vera mooch.

RUSSELL. Cuba! Well Cuba is a very pretty country, and you are a very pretty woman, my dear.

RITA. Senor mus' be a gran' noblea generala.

RUSSELL. I'm Lord Russell. Lord Russell. What's your name, my dear?

RITA, (*courtseys*) Senor, I'm Rita.

RUSSELL. Well Rita, I dare say we'll be great friends.

RITA. Oh friends! Senor is too much magnifico (*admires him*) fora me.

RUSSELL. Oh I ain't proud, my dear, not a bit—not a mite. I'm a Lord you know, but I ain't proud. Are you housekeeper?

RITA. Senor, I am cook—to servar, an' attendar. Maka tamales, an' things.

RUSSELL. Poor thing, how she does admire me. (*aside, suddenly*) Perhaps I could bribe her to help me to escape. (*to Rita*) So you are cook here, my dear?

RITA. Si, Senor. (*courtesy*) I cook.

RUSSELL. It isn't good enough for such a pretty woman as you, my dear.

RITA. Oh Senor! Youa flattera.

RUSSELL. But you ought to be something far better. How would you like to—like—

RITA. (*excitedly*) Like what, Senor?

RUSSELL. Well—lots of money, fine clothes, jewels, and such things?

RITA. Oh Senor ! It's impossible.

RUSSELL. Rita, my dear, listen to me ?

RITA. Yes Senor.

RUSSELL. Look at me.

RITA. I look you, Senor.

RUSSELL. I'm a prisoner in grief, in despair. Now if any-one would help me, I could do very much for that person.

RITA. An' you are a gran' noble ?

RUSSELL. I'm a great lord, and what's more (*taking her hand*) I could make you happy all your life. I swear, I never saw such a pretty woman.

RITA. (*aside*) He admira me.

RUSSELL. If you will fly with me, there is nothing in the world I wouldn't do for you.

RITA. (*aside*) He wanta fly me.

RUSSELL. The moment I saw you, I said to myself: "There's the woman for you."

RITA. (*delighted*) And am I really the woman for you ?

RUSSELL. The very one. Heaven has sent you to me. (*earnestly*) Oh Rita, my dear, do what I ask ?

RITA. Oh Senor ! You not true, you not earnest.

RUSSELL. (*distressed*) Oh Rita, help me to fly. Oh Rita, can't you trust me ?

RITA. Oh Senor, you tempta me too easy. Thinka the danger, if we captura, the death ma' come.

RUSSELL. Don't talk of danger, let us fly. I'll always remember your devotion and if you want some one who will always take care of you, why I'm (*slapping over his heart*) your man.

RITA. (*clasping hands*) Oh Senor, will you be my man ?

RUSSELL. Of course I will. (*aside*) She'll help me.

RITA. (*flings arms about Russell*) Oh then I helpa—I do all—you be true to Rita.

RUSSELL. U'm U'm. (*aside*) The devil !

RITA. I mus' go now, I soon return. (*exit Rita*)

RUSSELL. Well ! Well, perhaps I'm in luck after all. I'll just look after those bonds now. (*goes to fire-place*) Heavens and earth ! They're gone ! Gone ! Where the devil could they have gone ? (*drops hat in fire-place*)

*Enter Rita, with skirt, bright shawl and large bandana.*

RITA. (*kissing Russell*) Now you mus' disguisar, my dear. This is a woman's dress. (*aside*) I be a gran' lady now.

RUSSELL. Eh! Ah! U'm! A woman's dress?

RITA. Alaright, you puta on over all just you stands, there (*puts skirt on him*) there, (*pufs bandana on Russell*) there (*puts shawl on Russell*). You all disguisar now, comma long me. I geta key.

RUSSELL. Bu—but—but—

RITA. Comma long queek!

RUSSELL. (*aside*) My bu—bub—bonds.

RITA. Queek! We be discovera.

RUSSELL. Listen! I'll lose my b—bonds.

RITA. (*pulling him*) Queek! Queek! (*exit both*)

O'TOOLE. (*enters, looks about*) An' now where is that tailor lord? Shure he must be in the nixt room. (*looks in*) Divil a bit av him (*looks about*), the rogue. He's hid in the trunk. (*opens it, looks in, leaves it open*) Be the powers, he's gone. (*sees hat*) There's his hat. (*goes to pick it up, steps on trap*) Ow! Ouch! It's the trap, ow—ow—wo. (*falls back and into trunk*)

*Curtain.*

### THIRD ACT.

Scene—Same room, rough bench, three rough couches, blankets, rough table, lighted candles. Mrs. R., Katie and Dolores discovered.

Mrs. R. I don't understand how it is that you two can keep up your spirits so, in this ogre's castle. I'm certain that something dreadful is going to happen.

KATIE. Oh Auntie, you shouldn't be always looking on the dark side of things.

Mrs. R. I should like to know what other side there is to look on, except the dark one. For my part, I think it best to always prepare for the worst, for then when it comes one is not so utterly overwhelmed by it.

KATIE. Yes, but suppose it doesn't come? Why then,

don't you see Auntie, you will have had all your worry for nothing ?

MRS. R. Oh it's all very well for one like you. You are like a kitten, and turn everything to mirth and play.

KATIE. Well here is our dear Dolores. Look at her, she doesn't mope.

DOLORES. Oh no, I do not mope. I see no cause to mope.

MRS. R. But you are a prisoner as much as I am.

DOLORES. Yes, but this is a country that I am acquainted with. I know these parts well.

MRS. R. Have you ever been here before ?

DOLORES. Yes. It was my home when I was a child.  
(sighs)

X KATIE. Oh Dolores ! Did you live here ? Really ? Well, now do you know I call that awfully funny ?

DOLORES. My father lived here in this castle.

KATIE. In this castle !

DOLORES. Yes, in this castle. My father had great flocks of merino sheep in the pastures. Twenty thousand sheep. He had many shepherds to look after the flocks, and he was away most of the time looking after the shepherds. My mother and I, and the domestics, all lived here, so it seems like home.

MRS. R. That must have been long ago.

DOLORES. Oh yes, long ago. I was a little child. (dream-ily) Yes, long ago—long ago. (to Katie) Then my father went to Cuba.

MRS. R. Cuba ! What, have you been there ?

DOLORES. Oh many, many years.

KATIE. Across the Atlantic, far away in Cuba ?

DOLORES. Far. far away. (plaintively) Far away, oh many, many years, and there my father had plantations, and was rich, but the insurrections broke out, (sighs) and he was killed. (weeps)

KATIE. (putting arms about Dolores, wiping her own eyes) Oh how sad. I had no idea.

DOLORES. (drawing a long breath) Yes he died, the good, tender father, and my mother and I were left—all—all—alone—in the cruel world. The rebels came, and the soldiers. Oh how they did fight. The slaves all ran away—all—all—

all ran away. The trees and fruit—all were destroyed. The houses all were burned in a great conflagration, and it was a kind good American, Brooke, Mr. Raleigh Brooke, who helped us to fly, or we would not now be alive. (*sighs*) So we came back to our own country, poor—very poor. We lived in Valencia. I told you that I was living in Valencia when I left on this journey.

KATIE. I suppose since you lived here in this castle you must know all about it.

DOLORES. Yes, all—all about it.

MRS. R. You must have been all over it in every direction.

DOLORES. Oh yes, all over it, in every place, in every part, thousands and thousands of times.

MRS. R. It's such a strange old castle.

KATIE. Like the ones you read about in old romances.

DOLORES. Like the Gothic feudal castles, like the castle of the Cid. You go up the towers, into the turrets, and you walk over the top, past the battlements, and look down—down—deep down into the courts, and you dream, dream, and dream. When I was a little child, I did nothing but wander about, and dream and dream, and get lost. (*dream-ily*) Oh, I could tell you a thousand things. (*pauses*) Oh I could talk all night of the bright, bright times, when my dear father was a noble—so rich—living in his castle.

MRS. R. Did you get lost!

KATIE. Where did you get lost?

DOLORES. Oh everywhere! There are halls that open into galleries; galleries that open into rooms; rooms that open into closets; closets that open into other rooms, that open into halls. Oh it was grand. (*sighs*)

KATIE. More, tell us more.

DOLORES. There were grand apartments of state, state bedrooms, rooms for guests, and below, rooms for outer servitors, and then far down—far—far—deep underground there are dungeons, fearful—fearful places, with darkness and rats—full of rats—awful.

KATIE. Did you go through the vaults?

DOLORES. Yes, oh yes—all—every single one. There was an ancient servitor, a venerable man, who showed me all the mysteries—the secret—

KATIE. (*aside to Dolores*) Don't tell Auntie about the chimney.

DOLORES. —Places, until I know this castle, that was once so grand and beautiful, as well as I know my own room—but now—it's only a fortress. (*sighs*)

KATIE. I wish you could take me over it. Wouldn't it be lovely.

MRS. R. (*fixing her false front*) Oh dear! Oh dear me! His Majesty is coming to pay us a visit. He'll soon be here. Oh my dresses—and—toilet articles. I can't even get my—my powder. Oh dear! Oh dear me! Oh dear!

KATIE. It's useless, Auntie, to think of that. You are a prisoner, and no one knows that better than he.

DOLORES. He's coming.

MRS. R. (*primping*) Oh dear, oh dear.

O'TOOLE. (*entering, grand bow*) We have called, ladies, to wish ye good avenin' an' to ax after yer healths.

MRS. R. Oh, Your Majesty is so good.

DOLORES. Your Majesty is most kind.

KATIE. Ha-ha. So thoughtful. ha-ha.

O'TOOLE. Be sated ladies, be sated. It's our R'yal will, so it is. (*sits on bench, ladies sit on couches, girls together, Mrs. R. alone*) On sich occasions as this, we love to dhrap all coort ettykit an' lave behind all our barrings, an' nobles, an' body gyards, and thim fellers, an' come in an' have a chat loike a private gintleman.

MRS. R. Your Majesty is most gracious.

DOLORES. Very gracious, indeed.

O'TOOLE. We are that, bedad. An' sure it's meself is the proud man to find yez can put a thrue interpitiation on Our R'yal Majesty.

MRS. R. Ah Sire, you honor us.

O'TOOLE. Affairs av state doesn't allow us to give full play to that jayvinal timperment that's our chafe and laydin' fayture. It's war times now, an' our R'yal mind has to be harsh and oystare, and now ladies and madam (*looks at Mrs. Russell*) we hope ye won't be allarrumed at what we're a goin' to say nixt.

MRS. R. Oh! Your Majesty—alarmed! Alarmed! (*frightened*)

O'TOOLE. Ye see, our Prime Minister has conveyed to our r'yal ear charges against your worthy husband av treasonal natchoor. (*all frightened*)

MRS. R. My husband! What? My John, Oh! Oh! What has—has—he done?

O'TOOLE. I'm towld that he's been passin' hisself off as Lord John Russell, an' as spicial ambassoder from our r'yal cousin, Quane Victoria.

MRS. R. Oh dear! Oh dear!

O'TOOLE. At that toime he wint an' took unjew advantage av our confidence to desave our r'yal moind.

KATIE. Oh, poor Uncle.

MRS. R. Oh, Your Royal Majesty, he isn't quite a lord—but—but—he's a gentleman.

O'TOOLE. Shure to glory, don't I know it, he's a gintleman. He's a foine gintlemen, ivery inch av him. Allow me to ax, madam, why did he pass hisself off as a lord?

MRS. R. Oh! Your Majesty, I don't know. (*cries*) I—I don't know.

O'TOOLE. An' is he a tailor thin?

MRS. R. Oh, Your Majesty, he isn't a common tailor. He's a Merchant Tailor and a man of wealth.

O'TOOLE. I knowed it was just that. It makes all the differ in the worruld, whither a man's only a tailor wid a small t, or a merchant-tailor wid capital letters. But come jool, come over here and sit by our r'yal side. (*slides along on bench, it tips up and he slides off on his back. Mrs. R. horrified, Dolores laughs, Katie laughs immoderately, O'Toole looks surprised and then laughs boisterously, gets up*) Be the powers, whin the king loses his gravity, it's high toime for ivery one else to lose his too. (*to Mrs. R.*) But come along jool, sit by our r'yal side an' tell us all about it.

MRS. R. (*goes over*) We keep our own carriage, and have our own coat-of-arms—the Russell arms, you know, the same as the Duke of Bedford.

O'TOOLE. Dade! An' so ye have the Russell arrums. I'm a conniction av His Grace, the Juke av Bidford, in a distant way an' so ye must be a conniction of mine in a distant way, bein' a mumber av the house av Russell.

MRS. R. Oh, Sire. (*pleased*) Oh yes ! May it please Your Most Royal Majesty ?

O'TOOLE. Shure, we r'yal persons always acknowledge our cousins. Ye're a cousin av ours, so ye are.

MRS. R. (*flattered*) I—I dare—say I—am—oh yes, Your Majesty.

O'TOOLE. Ye're a distan' cousin, it's thrue, but degrades don't count wid us; wanst a cousin, always a cousin.

MRS. R. Oh Your Most Royal Majesty.

O'TOOLE. We niver knowed ye were a cousin before, or we'd saluted ye in our r'yal fashion. It's our way to acknowledge relashuns wid the r'yal kiss. We call it the kiss av state. Allow me, cousin. (*puts his arms about Mrs. R. gives her a sounding smack. Dolores smiles, Katie laughs heartily. Mrs. R. shocked at Katie, O'Toole drops Mrs. R. looks sternly at girls.*

KATIE. Oh, ha ! ha ! Your Majesty is so funny.

DOLORES. (*to O'T.*) Are all crowned heads like you ?

O'TOOLE. All av thim, ivery mother's son av thim, but, moind this, it's meself that bates the whole lot av thim, out an' out. (*takes bottle out of pocket, waves it and sings*)

Old Blue-beard was a warrior bold.

He kept his wives in a great strong hold.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,

They all of thim died and wint to Heaven.

Old B. fell into a dishmal state,

So he wint and married number eight.

(*becoming grave again*) Ye see, Mr. Russell has committed an offence agin' our r'yal prerogatives, and avin his bein' our cousin doesn't help him, so it don't.

MRS. R. Oh my poor, poor John.

O'TOOLE. An' bejabbers there's a court martial a settin' at this blessed moment.

MRS. R. (*terrified*) Oh ! Oh ! They're not sitting on my poor John. Oh ! (*cries*)

O'TOOLE. Divil a wan else, me darlint.

MRS. R. Oh Sire, spare him. Oh !

O'TOOLE. Dearest cousin, ye ax impossibilities. (*takes her hand*) It's meself as has a tinder heart that feels for the fatherless and the widdyless.

MRS. R. (*sobbing*) A widow, oh, oh.

O'TOOLE. (*holding her hand*) Parmit me to laymint that we hadn't met ye afore the—that is, afore John Russell obtained this fair hand.

MRS. R. Oh! My poor lost Johnnie.

O'TOOLE. (*holding Mrs. R's hand, looking at Katie. Mrs. R's face covered with handkerchief, to Katie*) Me darlint, we've somethin' to tell ye. Listen to me now, ye—ye see—we are a bachelor—ah'm, we say we are a bachelor.

KATIE. How sad, ha-ha-ha!

DOLORES. Why has Your Majesty never married?

O'TOOLE. We've been lookin' all around for ages for a pardner, a r'yal consort. All the illegible faymale princisses, av all the coorts av Europe, have been a solicitin' av our alliance, but none of thim were shuitable. No! Divil a wan av thim.

KATIE, (*to Dolores*) Oh dear, he's making love to me. Ha! ha! I'll have a fit.

DOLORES. Keep still, you'll have me on the floor in a minute.

KATIE. I can't help it. Ha-ha!

MRS. R. Katie, I don't see what there is to laugh at. Keep quiet.

O'TOOLE. We are a bachelor.

DOLORES. Poor fellow. (*aside*)

O'TOOLE. Our r'yal heart an' r'yal hand, an' all the r'yal power, an' glory, an' all the r'yal regaliar, an' the crown and throne av Spain, bejabbers, they're all a goin' beggin' in this room, and there's one here as cud have it all wid the wink av one av her eyes.

MRS. R. (*aside*) He must mean me. (*covers her face again*)

KATIE. (*to Dolores*) I'll surely die, he's looking at me. (*hides her face on Dolores' shoulder*) Ha-ha-ha!

DOLORES. Katie, you'll have me over on the floor. (*smiles*)

O'TOOLE. (*to Katie*) Ye know I'm not only king av Spain, but I'm heir to the crown of France, so I am.

DOLORES. Is it possible? (*smiles*)

O'TOOLE. Divil of a loie I'm tellin'. It's thrue, I'm nixt av kin to Chamford, ye know. The Count av Paris is Orleans, not Bourbon. I'm BOURBON begorra (*slaps himself*)

DOLORES. (*to Katie*) It smells like rum. (*both laugh*)

O'TOOLE. Whin the nixt revolution takes place in France, I'll march on Paris an' give pace to that, unhappy country, an' bejabbers, I'll take me wife wid me, an' I'll buy her the most illigant dresses an' coort coschumes, an' bonnets, an' jools an' jims, that ever a woman wore, an' all thim forin princissess ud be so green wid invy, their complixions ud be spiled intirely.

MRS. R. (*aside*) I'll be Queen of Spain.

KATIE. (*aside*) I'll surely die. Ha-ha !

O'TOOLE. (*holding disengaged hand to Katie*) What say ye, me fair one ?

MRS. R. (*aside*) Shall I dash down the crown of Spain to mourn for my lost one ?

O'TOOLE. (*to Katie*) What say ye, me love ?

MRS. R. (*uncovering face, flings arms about O'Toole*) Oh I cannot, cannot refuse.

O'TOOLE. (*to Mrs. R.*) Then ye'll give us yer consint, jool ?

KATIE. (*to Dolores*) Auntie's gone crazy.

Mrs. R. Oh Your Majesty—yes—oh yes, (*sobs*) yes.

O'TOOLE. Well ! We must be a goin' now. We'll have it all arranged to-night. (*both rise*)

MRS. R. Oh, I'm ready. Why not now, Your Majesty.

O'TOOLE. Whist ! Ye'll be spoilin' it all, so ye will. (*whispers*) I'll wait till the gyrruls are aslape, thin I'll luck in.

MRS. R. Oh I'll never forget ! Never ! (*kisses him*)

O'TOOLE. (*aside*) Won't she be makin' us a foine mother-in-law ? (*exit*)

KATIE. Oh Auntie, oh Auntie. Ha-ha !

MRS. R. Katie ! Katie, I wish you wouldn't call me Auntie any more. It's so undignified.

KATIE. Why what should I call you ?

MRS. R. Well you might call me—call me—Madame—or—or—well you might call me Your Majesty—you might as well get used to it.

KATIE. Ha-ha-ha—

MRS. R. Katie ! Katie !

KATIE. Oh ha-ha—Your Majesty, oh ha-ha—oh Auntie.

MRS. R. I'm perfectly shocked at the way you've behaved.

KATIE. (*to Dolores*) Do you think he really is Don Carlos !

DOLORES. Well, I don't know.

KATIE. He's awfully funny.

DOLORES. I'm awfully sleepy.

KATIE. So am I. (*fixes couch*)

MRS. R. (*fixing couch*) I think we had better try to get a little sleep. (*puts out light*)

DOLORES. (*aside, fixing couch*) Mr. Ashby said he would come down when the others were asleep. (*both girls lie down*)

MRS. R. (*aside, lying down*) His Majesty said he would look in when the girls were asleep.

KATIE. (*aside*) Harry said he'd come up when the others were asleep. (*pause*)

*Enter Ashby in fire-place with lighted candle, quickly puts it out.*

ASHBY. Dolores——Do—lo—res—

DOLORES. (*rising*) I'm here. sh'h'h ! I'm here. Sh'h'h !

ASHBY. Are they asleep ?

DOLORES. Yes. Sh'h'h, I'm coming.

ASHBY. (*kisses her*) Oh my darling—Dolores.

DOLORES. Oh Senor Ashby, you are false to your English bride.

ASHBY. English grandmother ! What is she ; a doll, a kitten. You are the only one I love, Dolores.

DOLORES. Me, not the English maid ?

ASHBY. My dark-eyed Dolores. Katie has no soul in her eyes.

DOLORES. And who has soul in her eyes ?

ASHBY. Who ? Why you ! Your eyes are soul lit and pierce my very heart.

DOLORES. And won't you say all that again ? I love to hear you call the English girl names.

ASHBY. (*listening*) Sh'h'h !—Sh'h'h !

DOLORES. Come into the corner. (*moves into corner with Ashby*)

KATIE. (*aside, sitting up*) What's that ?

ASHBY. Sh'h'h.

DOLORES. Sh'h'h.

*Enter Harry in fire-place with lighted candle, puts it out.*

RIVERS. Katie! (*comes into room*) Katie!

KATIE. (*aside*) It's Harry.

MRS. R. (*aside*) It's his Majesty.

RIVERS. Are they all asleep?

MRS. R. (*jumping up, throws arms about Harry*) Oh, Your Most Sacred Majesty.

KATIE. (*aside*) Oh Auntie's got Harry. Oh, oh!

O'TOOLE. (*enters*) An' are ye awake. Shure, I hope the gyrruls are aslape.

ASHBY. Dolores, there's some one moving.

DOLORES. Sh'h'h!

*Mrs. R. lets go of Harry and screams.*

O'TOOLE. Whist—st—st, ye'll wake the gyrruls.

KATIE. (*runs to Harry*) We're lost! Fly Harry, fly!

DOLORES. Senor, run! Oh run Walter, run!

MRS. R. Weren't you—you—here—just now?

O'TOOLE. Divil a bit av us, we've just come.

MRS. R. Bu—but—some—some one was close to me.

O'TOOLE. Wan of the gyrruls?

MRS. R. No! It—it—was a—a—man!

KATIE. Fly, some one is in the room! Oh, oh!

DOLORES. Run, some one is in the room! Oh, oh!

*Rivers runs into the fire-place.*

MRS. R. Oh! Oh! Oh!

O'TOOLE. It's the gyrruls, so it is. (*throws quick light on Ashby as he runs to fire-place*)

MRS. R. (*screams*) Oh look! Look! Oh! Oh!

O'TOOLE. Be jabbers, the castle's haunted, sure as a gun. The Saints prasarve us!!

MRS. R. Oh a ghost—a—a ghost!

O'TOOLE. That warrent the figger an' form av a mada-vial ghost. I'm goin' to investigate.

MRS. R. (*flinging arms about O'T.*) Oh, Your Majesty, don't leave me! Don't, oh don't! Oh!

*Katie and Dolores scream.*

O'TOOLE. (*struggling*) Let go av us, jool.

MRS. R. (*clinging*) Oh leave me not, oh be not—so—so—cruel!

O'TOOLE. (*struggling, vexed*) Cruel is it. Oh, be off wid yer nonsince.

MRS. R. (*struggling*) Oh, it's—too—too horrible. Oh ! Oh !

*Katie and Dolores cling together and scream.*

O'TOOLE. (*struggling*) Shure, ain't I tellin' ye it's goin' to get lights, I am. (*breaks away, exit*)

KATIE. What's the matter ? (*screams*)

DOLORES. What's the matter ? (*screams*)

MRS. R. Oh, why did he—he leave me—why, why, did he leave me ?

KATIE. What's the matter ? (*screams*) Oh ! Oh !

DOLORES. What's the matter ? (*screams*) Oh ! Oh !

O'TOOLE. (*enters with torch*) Now ladies, jools, don't give way.

KATIE. Oh ! Oh ! Oh !

DOLORES. Oh ! Oh ! Oh !

O'TOOLE. Shure ye naden't be afraid at all—at all.

MRS. R. Some one was in the room. Oh ! Oh !

O'TOOLE. Alarums av this sort isn't shuted to thim daylicate narvous systems, so they isn't. I've got a dhrap of whiskey if—if—(*takes bottle from pocket, offers it, all turn away*) Shure it's very distressin'. I'll look around. (*looks about*)

MRS. R. I saw a—a man. There was a man.

O'TOOLE. Begorra, there's no one here !

MRS. R. But—bu—but—I—saw a—a—he—he—ki—ki—KISSED me, oh !!

KATIE. (*aside*) She don't know it was Harry.

O'TOOLE. The divil ye say. Shure it isn't meself as is a blamin' av 'im begorra.

MRS. R. Oh it was, it was. Oh !

O'TOOLE. (*looking about*) Shure thin, it's no livin' man ye saw, an' there ye have it.

MRS. R. Then it was a ghost. Oh ! Oh !

O'TOOLE. (*looking about*) Divil a one else, only I don't see why he came in modern coschume. It must a been the last prisoner as was shot.

MRS. R. Oh, horrors ! My John ! It was my husband. (*screams, faints, O'Toole catches her*)

*Curtain.*

FOURTH ACT—*First Scene.*

Scene—A country road in Spain, a log or rock by wayside.

SYLVIA. (*enters timidly, looks about*) Oh Heavens! What will become of me? All night I've wandered along the road, weak and faint. Oh Harry! Harry! You'll never find me now, and we were to have been married to-day. I'm lost—lost.

*Brooke, whistling Yankee Doodle, off.*

SYLVIA. (*starts, looks off*) Who—what's that? A priest! Oh thank God! He will help me.

BROOKE. (*enter in priest's dress, keeping step*)

SYLVIA. (*rushes to him, hands clasped*) Oh! Padre! Padre! Pour l'amour de Dios, succor me!

BROOKE. (*looks at her, aside*) What the dickens did she say? (*to Sylvia*) Parlez vous Francaise, M'll'e?

*Sylvia shakes head.*

BROOKE. E—ella Italianna?

*Sylvia shakes head.*

BROOKE. Sind sie Deutsche, Fraulein?

SYLVIA. (*shakes head*) English! Padre, English!

BROOKE. Whew! English! Christopher Columbus! English! Then in future be kind enough to speak English. Your Spanish—is—is declined with thanks.

SYLVIA. (*joyfully*) English, and are you then really—really an Englishman? Then you will help me.

BROOKE. Well! I'm anything you please in this infernal country. I'm really an American—my name is Brooke, Raleigh Brooke.

SYLVIA. Father Brooke, and can you help me? I've lost my way.

BROOKE. Your way? Why, what can your way be in times like these and in this country too?

SYLVIA. I was on the train from Barcelona. We were captured, I escaped.

BROOKE. Just my case to a T. I've been captured and escaped too, and am making a bolt for a place of safety. Whew! Well, this does beat my grandmother.

SYLVIA. And can you help me? Oh for the love of Heaven!

BROOKE. Ah now—come—none of that. Do you take me for a savage, that you must pray to me for mercy?

SYLVIA. Oh, I'm in distress. Will you help me?

BROOKE. Help you! That I will, and with the last drop of my heart's blood. There, is that strong enough?

SYLVIA. Oh Father, oh thank Heaven. (*cries*)

BROOKE. (*aside*) Poor child, she is in sore distress. (*to Sylvia*) Tell me, would you rather be here or in the hands of the Carlists?

SYLVIA. Here, oh here.

BROOKE. Well! We'll have to be very cautious, or we'll be captured again.

SYLVIA. I will do whatever you say.

BROOKE. (*meditating*) I wish you had a dress a little less marked than that of an English lady—you see these Carlists would hold you for ransom. Now if you could pass for a peasant woman or a—a--whew! I have an idea.

SYLVIA. What.

BROOKE. What do you say to disguising yourself as a priest?

SYLVIA. A priest! Why where could I get a dress?

BROOKE. Take this one, the one I wear.

SYLVIA. Why Father, what would you do?

BROOKE. I'm not a priest. I'm wearing this as a disguise. You may have the dress, breviary, and all, a free gift. Especially the breviary.

SYLVIA. But that might expose you to danger—and—

BROOKE. Oh that's nothing, I'm used to danger.

SYLVIA. But if—if I'm a burden I—I can go on alone.

BROOKE. Now madam, I'm going to save you, and you are to do as I say. I know this country, you don't. Spain is swarming with these Carlists and rebels. There is no such thing as law. Why, whatever could you do alone? You can't speak Spanish. Now I've made you a fair offer, will you accept it?

SYLVIA. If you really think it will not endanger your own safety I'll be very glad indeed and only too much obliged.

BROOKE. (*taking off robe*) I've been wearing this over my usual suit and you can do the same. There, you can slip it on easy as a wink.

Sylvia takes robe, puts on.

BROOKE. There, you can have the hat (*gives hat*) and the breviary. (*gives it*) There's mighty fine reading in that book, but I'm sorry to say I couldn't find it. (*takes cap out of pocket, puts it on*) I dare say you can do justice to it.

SYLVIA. It is just the right size for me.

BROOKE. You can have the--no—I won't let you have the spectacles. (*aside*) Fancy putting spectacles on the Angel Gabriel.

SYLVIA. Now, how do I look ?

BROOKE. Look ? Oh ! Oh very well—very well indeed.

SYLVIA. Do I look well ?

BROOKE. I was on the point of saying something about a vision of angels, but I'll be commonplace.

SYLVIA. But do I look like a priest ?

BROOKE. If I were to meet such a priest in real life, I'd go down on my knees and confess—no—I wouldn't. I'd become a priest myself. If he were a monk, I'd join the same monastery. If he were a missionary and cannibals ate him, I'd make them eat me too. In any event, I'd feel nearer Heaven in such company than anywhere else

SYLVIA. (*smiling*) Oh Mr. Brooke !

BROOKE. And now, what is your name ?

SYLVIA. Talbot, Sylvia Talbot.

BROOKE. Mrs. Talbot ?

SYLVIA. No, Miss Talbot.

BROOKE. (*aside*) Miss—eh ! (*to Sylvia*) Well it won't do for me to call you Miss. If we were overheard, some one might take the hint, so I had better call you just Talbot.

SYLVIA. That's a good idea, by all means call me Talbot.

BROOKE. Talbot ?

SYLVIA. (*smiling*) Yes, Mr. Brooke.

BROOKE. Call me Brooke, I'd like it better.

SYLVIA. (*smiles*) Well Brooke !

BROOKE. What are you doing in Spain. Talbot ?

SYLVIA. I—I came—came to be married. (*embarrassed*)

BROOKE. (*astonished*) To—to—be married.

SYLVIA. Yes, to Mr. Rivers, Harry Rivers. We were to have been married to-day at Bayonne.

BROOKE. Well ! This does beat my greatgrandmother ! Why I was to be married at Bayonne to-day to a Miss Garcia, Dolores Garcia. I came from America to marry her.

SYLVIA. Poor Harry ! (*aside*) He must be broken hearted .

BROOKE. (*sighs*) Poor Dolores ! (*aside*) She must be broken hearted.

*Voices heard off.*

SYLVIA. (*startled*) Some one is coming down the road.

BROOKE. (*looking off*) Two women, we need not mind them at all.

RITA. (*off*) Now willa you comma long me ? (*enter*)

RUSSELL. (*off*) I—I ki—ki—can't—I (*enter very slowly*) I'm hungry, I'm starved.

RITA. (*catching hold of R.*) Comma long.

RUSSELL. I'm weak, I'm old, I'm tired.

BROOKE. (*to Sylvia*) We'd better go on. (*exit*)

RITA. I taka you place restar you old bone.

RUSSELL. I'm hungry, starving hungry ! (*sits on log*)

RITA. You wanta fly ?

RUSSELL. (*groans*) I—I—can't—

RITA. Do you intendar keep your promeese ?

RUSSELL. Promise ! What promise ?

RITA. To marry me.

RUSSELL. Marry you ? I—I never said that. (*rises*)

RITA. (*furiously*) You deed, you deed.

RUSSELL. (*frightened*) I never did. I—I—I have a wife already. (*aside*) Oh Lord !!

RITA. Aha ! You thinka foola me ? Eh ! Simple. I know—I know how take care the number one.

RUSSELL. (*aside*) If I could only get away from her.

RITA. (*pinches him*) How you lika that, Mistaire ? Ugh !

RUSSELL. (*aside*) She's a fiend.

RITA. (*looking off*) Oh, soldiers. (*frightened*) We captura. Fly ! Fly !

RUSSELL. I'm hungry ! I'm—I'm hungry !

RITA. (*pulls him*) Comma long. Queek ! Queek !

*Voices off.*

RUSSELL. I—I can't, I'm faint. (*sinks down on log*)

*Enter Lopez, Brooke, Sylvia and soldiers.*

LOPEZ. (*to Rita*) Who are you?

RITA. Oh, Senor, I'm a poor woman.

RUSSELL. Oh Lord! It's Lopez! A duel!

LOPEZ. (*to Russell*) Who are you?

RUSSELL. Eh! E—a—a—ah.

RITA. (*nudging R.*) Thees lady es a foreigner.

LOPEZ. What are you doing here?

RITA. We fugitives.

LOPEZ. Fugitives from whom?

RITA. The Carlists.<sup>4</sup>

LOPEZ. (*excited*) Carlists, Carlists, where are they?

RITA. In the castelo.

LOPEZ. Castle! Where? Tell me where.

RITA. There, (*points*) to the north.

LOPEZ. Were there other prisoners?

RITA. Yes, foreigners.

RUSSELL. (*aside*) Whatever will happen to me if he should recognize me.

LOPEZ. Was there a lady there? An English lady, fair and beautiful?

RUSSELL. (*aside*) He means Katie. The puppy. He's in love with her.

RITA. Yes Senor, young and lovella.

LOPEZ. (*aside*) It's Katie. (*to Rita*) This information is your best passport, more, it's worth much to me. I'll reward you.

RITA. Oh noble captain, the only reward I want is, letta us go, letta us go, noble Senor.

LOPEZ. Let you go! That's out of the question. You know all about this castle, you must be my guide back to it. I shall send for more men and by this time to-morrow that castle will be in my own hands.

RUSSELL. (*aside*) Next thing he'll have me in his hands. I'm in the devil of a scrape.

LOPEZ. (*to Rita*) If you will only help me I'll do anything in the world for you. You are the very woman for me.

RITA. (*aside*) He more young than thisa one. I catcha one sure.

LOPEZ. If you help me in a loyal way, you will rejoice all your life that you met Hernando Lopez. I'm the man for you.

RITA. (*aside*) He admira me. (*delighted*) Oh! Senor. I helpa you. I do all—you keep your promees to Rita. (*aside*) He young—lovela.

LOPEZ. (*looks at Russell*) Who is your friend?

RITA. (*standing before Russell*) She—she—oh she is—a—a—a great lady, a countess, Senor.

*Lopez lifts cap to Russell.*

RUSSELL. (*aside*) He don't recognize me. (*to Lopez*) I'm hungry, damn hungry.

LOPEZ. (*astonished*) What! What did she say?

RITA. (*nudging R.*) Hun—ga—ry. Hungarian dame.

LOPEZ. Oh! Hungarian countess, oh!

BROOKE. (*to Lopez*) Senor Captain, why are we detained?

RUSSELL. (*aside*) I must cut a pretty figure. Hungarian countess! I feel like an ass.

LOPEZ. I detain you merely for a purpose in connection with the sacred office of your friend, the young priest.

SYLVIA. (*to Brooke*) A purpose in connection with my sacred office? (*frightened*) What can he mean?

BROOKE. (*to Sylvia*) Don't be frightened.

LOPEZ. Come, we must move along.

SYLVIA. (*to Brooke*) But what am I to do?

BROOKE. I think they're going to attack the castle. Some will be killed—and—

LOPEZ. Come, move on.

BROOKE. (*to Sylvia*) They may want you to read the burial service.

SYLVIA. Oh my God!

RITA. (*to Russell*) Comma, comma me queek.

LOPEZ. (*to Rita*) You come with me to show the way.

RUSSELL. (*in consternation*) I—I—can't move. Oh!

LOPEZ. What's the matter?

RITA. She—she—old—gotta—a—rheumatisick. She weak.

LOPEZ. (*compassionately*) Poor lady. I'll get two men to carry her. (*speaks to men who try to pick R. up*)

RUSSELL. (*frightened*) What are you doing! What in—

(*struggling*) Put me down. (*kicks, skirt comes off*) Ow-ow-wow.

LOPEZ. Santa Maria !! What's this !!

RUSSELL. (*tries to run, trips, falls on face*)

RITA. Oh ! Oh ! Oh !

SOLDIERS. (*excitement*) A Carlist ! A spy ! A spy !

LOPEZ. A spy ! Shoot him.

RUSSELL. (*tearing off handkerchief*) It's me ! Oh, I'm Russell ! Don't shoot ! I'm Russell ! (*falls on knees, screams*) Russell ! Russell !

*Curtain.*

*Second Scene of Fourth Act.*

Scene—Same as Act 3d. Mrs. R., Katie and Dolores discovered. Enter O'Toole.

O'TOOLE. Good mornin' ladies. Faix it's meself as has found the ghost.

MRS. R. The—oh—the ghost.

O'TOOLE. Begorra, it's the thruth I'm tellin'. Do ye know his name? (*looks at Dolores*)

MRS. R. (*gasping*) John—Jo—h—n.

O'TOOLE. I'll tell ye. It's Ashby. I put him in the room above.

DOLORES. (*aside*) Senor Ashby. Oh, oh !

MRS. R. (*surprised*) Ashby ? Mr. Ashby ? Why how could he get here ?

O'TOOLE. Well he got here, and sure it's meself as 'ill find out how. But there's two av thim.

ALL. Two of them !

O'TOOLE. An' the other is that blade av a Rivers; he was below an' bejabbers I found him in Ashby's room this mornin'.

KATIE. (*aside*) Oh, poor Harry.

O'TOOLE. Shure, Ashby and Rivers won't be after comin' here agin. They're under gyard.

KATIE. Oh, Your Majesty—where—where—is—is he ?

DOLORES. Walter under guard. (*sobs*)

O'TOOLE. An now ladies, after the evints of last night I doesint consider this room safe for ye. It's a matin' place

for min an' angels, ghosts an hobgoblins, an' there ye have it.

KATIE. (*aside, crying*) I can't see Harry any more.

DOLORES. (*aside*) I won't see Walter any more. (*weeps*)

O'TOOLE. (*to Katie*) There, there, (*pats her*) don't cry me darlint.

MRS. R. (*aside*) What a good heart he has.

O'TOOLE. Shure ye're forgittin' all about the crown an' glory fer a bit av a bye.

KATIE. (*sobbing*) Oh, go away. G—g—go away.

O'TOOLE. Remimber, there's all the splindor av the Spanish throne to be had wid the wink av wan av yer lovely eyes.

KATIE. Oh, go away. (*slaps him*)

*Voices off, commotion inside.*

MRS. R. What's that? Listen!

O'TOOLE. (*startled*) It's an insurrection av the populace, so it is.

*Cries and explosions outside.*

MRS. R. (*flings arms about O'T.*) Oh Your Majesty, don't leave me—oh don't.

VOICES. (*off*) Hurrah for the Republic.

O'TOOLE. (*frightened, struggles with Mrs. R.*) Be off wid ye ! It's the inemy ! We're captured ! We'll be ixecuted !!

MRS. R. (*clinging to him*) Oh save me?

O'TOOLE. (*throws Mrs. R. off*) We're lost ! Is there any way out ? (*to Dolores*) Ye know the way he came, Ashby.

DOLORES. (*runs to fire-place*) It's here. (*runs out*)

*Shrieks, cries, off.*

O'TOOLE. Meself never knowed it or suspected it. (*follows Dolores*)

MRS. R. (*catches his coat-tails*) Oh take me with you, oh ! (*screams, exit both*)

*Explosions off. Katie tries to run, falls on knees, covers her face.*

VOICES. Long live the Republic. (*explosions*) Down with the Carlists.

*Enter Lopez and soldiers.*

LOPEZ. Where is she? (*sees Katie, rushes to her*) Katie, Miss Westolorn.

KATIE. (*looking up*) Why Captain Lopez!

LOPEZ. (*takes her hand, assists her to rise*) Katie!

KATIE. Why, I never was so surprised in all my life.

LOPEZ. Oh, Katie! Are you glad to see me? (*motions soldiers out*)

KATIE. Why of course I am!

LOPEZ. I have come to rescue you from these villains. I've risked my life for your sake, and now Katie, my darling, you will marry me?

KATIE. (*shrinking away*) Captain Lopez—I—I—

LOPEZ. I love you—you know I love you—I—

KATIE. Captain Lopez, I can't listen to that—don't—oh don't.

LOPEZ. From the first moment I saw you I loved you, and believed I had reason to hope.

KATIE. (*coldly*) I assure you, Senor, I don't see how you could have found reason to hope.

LOPEZ. (*aside*) She loves that cursed Ashby. I'll force her to marry me. (*to Katie*) You are aware that when I captured this castle there were prisoners?

KATIE. I suppose so, Senor.

LOPEZ. (*sneeringly*) Among them was your dear friend.

KATIE. My dear friend?

LOPEZ. By your dear friend I mean that English donkey Ashby.

KATIE. Ashby, oh! (*aside*) I had forgotten all about him.

LOPEZ. (*coldly*) He was arrested as a spy.

KATIE. Why, Mr. Ashby can't be a spy.

LOPEZ. In times like these no mercy is shown to spies. They are shot.

KATIE. Still I don't see how you can make Mr. Ashby out a spy.

LOPEZ. (*aside*) That don't seem to have much effect on her. (*to Katie*) I dare say he is a spy. He will be shot.

KATIE. Poor Mr. Ashby. It's very—very sad.

LOPEZ. (*aside*) She can't be very much in love. She shall be my wife. I'll find a way to make her.

KATIE. There is a Mr. Rivers there. Where is he?

LOPEZ. Rivers?

KATIE. Yes, Harry Rivers,

LOPEZ. Yes, I believe there is such a person here.

KATIE. (*eagerly*) Can I see him? Oh Captain Lopez, let me see him?

LOPEZ. (*aside*) Aha! So that's it, eh! (*to Katie*) So you would like to see Mr. Rivers?

KATIE. Yes—oh yes—oh may I see him?

LOPEZ. (*aside*) I'll try another tack. (*to Katie*) Mr. Rivers has been arrested as a spy.

KATIE. Harry a spy! Oh Harry! Oh, Harry arrested! (*sobs*)

LOPEZ. (*aside*) She must be mine.

KATIE. Oh, Captain Lopez, he's not a—a spy, you can't mean it.

LOPEZ. You seem to value the life of this Rivers.

KATIE. (*bewildered*) Life! His life?

LOPEZ. He is condemned, and in an hour all will be over.

KATIE. An hour, oh! (*falls on knees*) Harry! Oh Harry, Harry!

LOPEZ. This is awful, (*aside*) but I can't give her up.

KATIE. Oh Captain Lopez, is there—no—hope?

LOPEZ. (*coldly*) None. (*helps her up*)

KATIE. You are commander here?

LOPEZ. Yes.

KATIE. Can you do nothing?

LOPEZ. The trial is over.

KATIE. Oh, something must be done. He shall not die. Oh, he must be saved.

LOPEZ. (*aside*) Now for it.

KATIE. Oh Captain Lopez, can you not let him go?

LOPEZ. Yes, I could do that, I could let him escape.

KATIE. Oh Captain Lopez, let him fly. Oh for my sake. (*drops to her knees*) Oh I pray on my knees, let him go.

LOPEZ. And I—may—I—may I ask something from you if I save his life?

KATIE. Oh anything! Save him! Oh save him!

LOPEZ. (*helping her to rise*) If you will marry me now I'll let him go.

KATIE. Oh! Oh!

LOPEZ. Quick! There's no time to lose, will you consent?

KATIE. Oh my God! Oh-h-h-h. Yes. (*falls to her knees*) Yes!!

*Enter Rita quickly.*

LOPEZ. (*to Rita*) Take her in the other room.

*Enter Brooke and Sylvia. Rita leads Katie off.*

LOPEZ. (*to Brooke*) I will now tell you why I have required the services of your friend. It is for a very pleasing and simple ceremony—namely a marriage.

BROOKE. A marriage?

SYLVIA. (*aside*) Oh merciful Heaven!

LOPEZ. I will leave you now. The ceremony will take place in a few moments.

SYLVIA. What can I do?

BROOKE. You'll have to do as he says.

SYLVIA. What, marry them?

BROOKE. Why not?

SYLVIA. It's impossible.

BROOKE. Great Heavens! What will become of us? Confound these Spaniards. Come Talbot, why not marry the couple of cursed fools and have done with it?

SYLVIA. It would be a frightful sin—a sacrilege.

BROOKE. But think what a marriage is. A union of two loving hearts. In Scotland people marry themselves.

SYLVIA. But this is not Scotland. I'll tell him the truth.

BROOKE. Oh Talbot, if you do what will become of you? Can't you see that this Spaniard is a villain, a demon?

SYLVIA. (*sadly*) I know, (*sighs*) I know.

BROOKE. He'll kill us both. (*groans*)

SYLVIA. Why should he kill us? I've only to tell him that I'm not a priest, but an English lady.

BROOKE. It's too late—too late. Oh fool, that I was. Cursed, cursed fool.

SYLVIA. Why Brooke! What do you mean?

BROOKE. I was afraid to trust these wretches. I was afraid they might harm you if they knew you were a woman. That's why I kept the secret.

SYLVIA. I'll tell him all.

BROOKE. Don't do it—oh don't do it ! It's too late now. This Spaniard has a furious temper. You saw how he conducted himself in camp last night. As a priest you have won his confidence, his reverence. To tell him the truth now, would anger him so he'd—shoot us both as spies.

SYLVIA. But what can I do, Brooke ?

BROOKE. (*groans*) Marry them.

SYLVIA. Oh Brooke, for your sake I'd do anything, if it was only myself that was concerned. Ask me to suffer for you—ask me to die for you, I'll die willingly.

BROOKE. Oh Talbot, Talbot, you'll break my heart.

SYLVIA. Don't ask me to do this, Brooke. It would be worse than death.

*Enter Lopez, Ashby, Rivers and soldiers.*

LOPEZ. (*to all*) Senors, I have done myself the honor to invite you to be present at the happiest moment of my life.

RIVERS. (*to Ashby*) What does he mean ?

BROOKE. (*to Sylvia*) What will you do ?

SYLVIA. Nothing.

LOPEZ. I am to be united in marriage to one I have long loved, and whom I have at last won by rescuing her from a great peril.

*Enter Katie leaning on Rita.*

RIVERS. (*excitedly*) Is this—is this the lady ?

LOPEZ. (*taking Katie's hand*) This is the lady—my chosen bride.

*Katie looks appealingly at R.*

RIVERS. Sir, Sir ! (*springs at Lopez*) Do you dare—  
*Soldiers interfere, Katie and Rita scream.*

LOPEZ. (*to soldiers*) Don't hurt the lunatic. Tie his hands behind him. (*soldiers tie with handkerchiefs*)

KATIE. (*throws arms about H.*) Oh, Harry ! Harry !

LOPEZ. (*dragging Katie away*) Keep calm ! His life depends on you.

RITA. (*aside*) Me putta no faith in men and sojers, more.

KATIE. Oh Harry !

LOPEZ. Keep calm, I tell you. The ceremony will go on. This fool's play shall not stop it.

ASHBY. Senor, what does this mean ?

LOPEZ. Hold your infernal tongue. (*to Sylvia*) Let the ceremony begin. (*takes Katie's hand*)

BROOKE. The priest cannot officiate without a government license.

LOPEZ. (*angrily*) Government license? The church does not ask permission of the State to perform the solemn sacraments. What has the State to do with the acts of a priest of the church?

ASHBY. It's different in other countries.

LOPEZ. Spain— (*sternly*) Spain is a CHRISTIAN country.

BROOKE. (*sarcastically*) Indeed.

LOPEZ. In an infidel country like America, or England, the State regulates marriage, but it's different in Spain. Very different.

BROOKE. This is an English priest. He does not speak Spanish.

LOPEZ. He has the language of the church, and that language every priest uses in the formulas and services, whether he is a Spaniard, an Englishman, or an African negro. Now Senor priest, let the ceremony begin at once.

SYLVIA. I refuse. It's a sacrilege.

LOPEZ. Do you think I'm to be set at defiance, Sir? Go on. (*roars*) Go on I say.

SYLVIA. (*calmly*) I refuse to perform the ceremony. The lady is unwilling.

LOPEZ. (*in a fury*) You dare to refuse?

BROOKE. Talbot, oh Talbot.

LOPEZ. You must obey me.

SYLVIA. (*calmly*) I will not risk my soul by such an act.

LOPEZ. A curse on your soul!

BROOKE. (*to Lopez*) Look out for your own soul.

LOPEZ. (*to men*) Gag that devil.

RIVERS. Oh for God's sake, Captain Lopez.

*Soldiers struggle with Brooke.*

ASHBY. Oh this is horrible! Horrible!

LOPEZ. Damn you, shut up. (*to Sylvia*) I'll give you two minutes. Will you go on?

SYLVIA. No Senor, (*dashes breviary to the floor*) NEVER!

LOPEZ. (*snatching rifle*) Sir!

BROOKE. Let me say one word?

LOPEZ. Not one, silence Sir.

ASHBY. (*shrieks at him*) Captain Lopez!

RIVERS. Listen?

BROOKE. She is—not a—

LOPEZ. (*to Sylvia*) Will you obey?

SYLVIA. NEVER !!

*Cries off. Lopez takes aim at Sylvia. Brooke breaks away from soldiers, leaps before Sylvia, gun discharged. Brooke and Sylvia fall, Katie faints, Rita screams and falls on her knees.*

VOICES. (*off*) Vive el Rey! Vive el Rey! (*shouts, explosions etc., off. Consternation of Lopez*)

SYLVIA. (*struggling to her feet*) Oh, is he dead? Oh my darling, speak to me! (*falls on her knees beside him*)

LOPEZ. The Carlists! Listen!

VOICES. Vive el Rey! No quarter!

SOLDIERS. We are betrayed. Fly!

LOPEZ. Treason! Fly! Treason!!

RITA. Madre de Dios!

(*shouts*) Down with the Republicans! Vive el Rey!

*Panic inside. Enter Carlists, capture Lopez.*

O'TOOLE. (*off*) Down wid thim (*entering, flourishing sword*) Raypublicans. (*stops, looks about*) Howley Mowses!! This bates the worruld.

*Picture.*

*Katie on floor, Rita praying, Brooke on floor, Sylvia and Ashby on knees beside Brooke, Rivers' hands tied behind, Carlists and Republicans struggling, back, O'Toole astonished.*

*Curtain.*

## FIFTH ACT.

Scene—The court-yard of castle. Moorish architecture, towers and arches, palms in boxes, stone benches. Russell (C) on knees, bound hand and foot, Rita hitting him with end of rope.

RUSSELL. Help! Murder! Help!

RITA. Hah! Base traidor, I haffa you now—It is so—now leest to me! Look at me! What hafe I done? I

habe betray my maestro—I habe betray my friends—I show the Republicanos the way—thees castelo was took—my friends, many of them are deed—their bodies are over there—they're deed. (*strikes R.*) Who killa them? I—I the traidor—I, the Judas, I betray. And why? I betray because you tempta me, you! You tempta me—you ask me helpa you—you promees take cara me. Who tempta me? You! You! You!!

RUSSELL. She'll kill me, she's a fiend. Ow—wow—ow—

RITA. You not scapar Rita.

RUSSELL. Ow—ow—wow—oh she'll kill me.

RITA. I habe helpa you—I habe maka me a traidor—it habe come to theese.

RUSSELL. What will become of me?

RITA. (*hits him*) You thinka I letta you turn false me? I habe the venganza.

RUSSELL. Oh—oh—ow—I will be murdered.

RITA. My friends—dey sall haunt me—their ghosts—they sall call for the venganza—I habe made me a traidor to my friends what lofe me and was kind. (*hits him*)

RUSSELL. Oh Lord! Oh don't.

RITA. You habe promees me all the world—you habe promees be my man. (*hits him*) You SALL be my man.

RUSSELL. I—can't—I—I—a—can't.

RITA. You promees marry Rita.

RUSSELL. Marry you! I—I never said I'd marry you—ow—

RITA. You said you be my man.

RUSSELL. Ow—wow—oh—oh—

RITA. You not fly me? Verra well, you sall stay where the Captain leave you. I sall tell the chief all. He sall decidar. You ole bone get one long restar.

RUSSELL. Ow—oh—oh—wow.

O'TOOLE. (*enters*) Begorra! It's that same tailor Russell. (*aside*) Shure, I wonder if he brought back thim bonds.

RUSSELL. Oh! Your Royal Majesty.

O'TOOLE. An' so ye were havin' a elopement match.

RITA. He promees marry me.

RUSSELL. Oh Your Majesty, help me.

O'TOOLE. (*cuts bonds*) Ye're a foine feller!

RUSSELL. I'm—I—I'm hungry.

O'TOOLE. Hungry is it? An' ye run off wid the cook.

RITA. (*to Russell*) You not scaper me, ole man. (*hits him*)

RUSSELL. (*jumps to O'T.*) Oh Your Majesty. (*aside*) I'm black and blue.

O'TOOLE. (*pinching R, who jumps back to Rita*) An' so ye were runnin' away wid Rita.

RITA. You sall marry me.

O'TOOLE. Begorra! There's a praste here as cud marry ye.

RUSSELL. Marry! Marry!

O'TOOLE. Shure, an' ye promised to do that same.

RUSSELL. I—I have a wife—al—already.

O'TOOLE. Well, Rita's willin' to take the risk, an' so ye can just march along now.

RITA. (*pulls his ear*) Aha! Now! Mistaire.

RUSSELL. I—I—I'm—si--sick.

O'TOOLE. Come along wid me, I say.

RUSSELL. (*knees knocking*) Oh Your Majesty, she's—she's a—a demon.

O'TOOLE, Shure, an' it's meself as ought to be a stringin' ye up for high treason to Our R'yal Majesty, but thin I'd be losin' the ransom, so faix, I'll turn ye over to Rita.

RUSSELL. I'm—I—I'm hungry. I'm ki—ki—cold.

O'TOOLE. Cowld is it. Shure thin Rita'll make it war-rum fer ye.

RITA. (*to O'T.*) I putta on fly bleester.

*Russell groans.*

O'TOOLE. Come along now. Shure, an' I can't be fool-in' wid ye all day.

*O'T. and Rita drag R. off. Enter (C) Brooke, arm in sling, and Sylvia without priest dress.*

BROOKE. You are yourself again Talbot—ah—Miss Talbot, as you were when I first met you.

SYLVIA. Brooke, Mr. Brooke. We have been acquainted only a short time, but if I were to count all the friends of my life, I could not find one like you. No, not one! You willingly risked your life for me. Oh Brooke, I thought you were—were dead.

BROOKE. Well I wasn't. I wish I was. (*sits down on bench, face in hands*)

SYLVIA. Why Brooke, don't you think these Carlists might be bribed to let us escape?

BROOKE. I don't want to escape.

SYLVIA. What?

BROOKE. You'll go back to your friends and we'll never meet again.

SYLVIA. Never meet again! You do not mean to say you'll never come to see me?

BROOKE. Come to see you! I'll come of course, and leave my card. Perhaps you'll not be at home, or perhaps I'll be asked to call again. (*sighs*)

SYLVIA. Oh Brooke! (*sighs*)

BROOKE. I don't want to escape as long as I can look up and see you. I want nothing else in the world. When I can see you no more, what will life be worth, with all its sunshine and sweetness and joy past and gone forever. Life—why Talbot, I never began to know what life could be 'till I saw you.

SYLVIA. Oh Brooke, why did we not meet before. How strangely we have drifted together. Is Fate so bitter as to make us drift apart after—after—(*sits on other end of bench. Pause.*)

BROOKE. (*takes out cigars, offers one*) Oh—you—you don't smoke. I—I wouldn't advise you to—to begin. (*Sings, tune Yankee Doodle*)

Ad urbem ivit doodlus cum,  
Caballo et calone,  
Ornivit pluma pileum  
Et dixit Maccaroni.

Excuse me, you—you don't understand dog Latin, do you Talbot?

SYLVIA. No, but I understand you, Brooke. (*sighs*)

BROOKE. I'm miserable. (*sighs*)

SYLVIA. Does your arm pain you?

BROOKE. It's not my arm. (*sighs. Softly*) Talbot.

SYLVIA. Yes, Brooke.

BROOKE. Will you be silent if I say something?

SYLVIA. Yes, Brooke.

BROOKE. Not say a word?

SYLVIA. No, Brooke.

BROOKE. Not move an inch ?

SYLVIA. No, Brooke.

BROOKE. Well, (*long sigh*) I—I think I won't say it.  
(*sighs*)

SYLVIA. Oh, Brooke.

BROOKE. (*pause*) Talbot ?

SYLVIA. Well ?

BROOKE. Oh Talbot—Talbot, do you know what I want to say ?

SYLVIA. (*sadly*) Yes—yes—I know it all. (*sighs*)

BROOKE. You love me Talbot and—

SYLVIA. Yes—but Mr. Rivers.

BROOKE. Hang Mr. Rivers.

SYLVIA. But you—you are promised to another.

BROOKE. (*aside*) Dolores ! I had forgotten all about her.  
(*sighs*)

SYLVIA. (*aside*) Heaven help me.

*Enter slowly (R) Dolores and Ashby. Enter slowly (L) Katie and Rivers. Brooke recognizes Dolores, etc., etc.)*

BROOKE. (*starting up*) Dolores ! (*goes to her*)

DOLORES. Raleigh Brooke !

SYLVIA. (*starting up*) Harry ! (*aside*) He's come for me.

RIVERS. Sylvia ! (*goes to her*)

ASHBY. Katie ! (*goes to her*)

KATIE. Mr. Ashby ! (*hangs her head*)

*Positions—Katie, Ashby; Dolores, Brooke; Sylvia, Rivers, all embarrassed.*

BROOKE. (*to Dolores*) This is—is—an unexpected—a—a—pleasure.

DOLORES. It—it—is—indeed.

SYLVIA. (*to Rivers*) I—I hope you are well.

RIVERS. Ah, yes—ah, very well.

ASHBY. (*to Katie*) Fine day.

KATIE. Yes—oh—very. (*sighs*)

BROOKE. (*to Dolores*) I—did—didn't—know you were here. (*sighs*)

DOLORES. (*aside*) He's true to me.

RIVERS. (*to Sylvia*) Sylvia, how came you here ?

SYLVIA. A bitter—bitter fortune brought me here.

RIVERS. (*aside*) She reproaches me. (*sighs*)

KATIE. (*aside*) Mr. Ashby loves me and I am false.  
(*sighs*)

BROOKE. (*aside*) Dolores is faithful, I'm a wretch.

DOLORES. (*aside*) Mr. Ashby will go back to the English maid. (*weeps*)

SYLVIA. (*aside*) Mr. Brooke will marry that Spanish girl. (*weeps*)

KATIE. (*aside*) That's the girl Harry's engaged to. I'd like to tear her eyes out. (*weeps*)

RIVERS. (*aside*) I suppose I'll have to keep my promise to Sylvia. (*sighs*)

ASHBY. (*aside*) I will have to keep my promise to Katie. (*sighs*)

BROOKE. (*aside*) I'll be a beast if I don't keep my promise to Dolores.

ASHBY. (*to Katie*) Katie, Katie. (*tries to take her hand*)

KATIE. Oh don't, I can't bear it. (*runs away, throws herself on bench, sobs*) Oh Harry, Harry!

RIVERS. (*runs to Katie*) There—oh—my darling Katie. (*arms about Katie*)

ASHBY. (*aside*) Well? (*to Dolores*) It's all right? (*arms about Dolores*) Oh, my darling Dolores.

SYLVIA. (*aside*) And that's the man I came to Spain to marry!

BROOKE. (*aside*) And that's the woman I came to Spain to marry!

SYLVIA. (*suddenly*) I'm free!

BROOKE. (*suddenly*) I'm free!

SYLVIA. Brooke!

BROOKE. Talbot! (*embrace*)

*Enter Mrs. R. with a bound. Officer's cap on her head.*

MRS. R. (*amazed at lovers*) Well! Goodness, gracious me! I never! Did I ever? No, never!!

KATIE. (*runs to Mrs. R.*) Oh Auntie, Auntie. (*kisses her*)

MRS. R. There—there child, how impetuous you are.

KATIE. Oh, Auntie.

MRS. R. Katie! Try to be a little less boisterous, and—  
and respect the Majesty of Spain.

KATIE. (*horrified*) Oh Auntie you—you—haven't—gone  
and done it.

MRS. R. No, not yet.

KATIE. Where did you get that hat ?

MRS. R. His Majesty gave it to us. It's his royal will that we shall wear it. Does it become Our Majesty.

*All laugh heartily. Mrs. R. offended.*

KATIE. Oh Auntie, how can you ?

*Mrs. R. very haughty, enter O'T.*

O'TOOLE. It's a divil av a toime we've been havin' wid thim Raypublican fellers, so it is, an' if that Cap'n Lopez hadn't a been accommodatin' and stringed hisself up, shure to glory Our R'yal Majesty wud a done that same for him.

MRS. R. *(to O'T., throwing arms about him)* Oh my own noble brave one, Your Majesty saved our lives.

O'TOOLE. *(aside)* Saved the ransoms.

MRS. R. Oh, I was so frightened.

KATIE. It was awful, awful !

DOLORES. I thought I'd die of fright !

SYLVIA. Oh, terrible, terrible !

O'TOOLE. Shure, ye all nade a dhrap of somethin' war-rum. *(takes bottle from pocket, offers it, all refuse)* Shure, it's whiskey, so it is. *(takes a drink, offers Mrs. R.)*

MRS. R. Oh—oh—I—I thank Your Majesty.

O'TOOLE. Perhaps it's a tumbler ye're wantin'. We hivin't wan, but if ye'll taste from the bottle, it's moighty foine ye'll find it. *(tries to get Mrs. R. to drink.)*

MRS. R. I don't th—think I care—for it.

ASHBY. I suppose we may consider ourselves your prisoners again.

O'TOOLE. Divil a doubt av that same. Shure, I'll have ye all under lock an' kay.

MRS. R. Oh, Your Majesty holds us by stronger bonds than bolts and bars.

O'TOOLE. Bejabbers, that's nate, that's illegint. We hope all av the ladies jine in that sintemint.

ASHBY. You spoke of a ransom and said that on payment of the sum I might have my liberty.

O'TOOLE. I did that.

ASHBY. It's a very large sum.

O'TOOLE. Will, ye all showed pluck, ivery man Jack av yez, includin' the ladies. We'll consider that in our trate-

mint wid the ransom. We'll deduct five per cint. It's our r'yal natchure to be magnanymous.

ASHBY. I'll promise to have it inside a week, provided you send this lady (*Dolores*) safely to Madrid.

O'TOOLE. I'll be losin' the seniorita entoirely.

ASHBY. She can procure the money. Until then, I remain your prisoner.

O'TOOLE. Well, that's fair.

ASHBY. Will you do it?

O'TOOLE. Begorra, I will.

RIVERS. Will you allow me to procure mine in the same way? Will you let this (*Katie*) lady go too?

KATIE. But I won't go.

RIVERS. (*to K.*) Oh think for my sake—to save my life.

KATIE. But I can't go alone.

RIVERS. You can go with this lady or with your aunt.

MRS. R. Oh, she can't go with me. Nothing would induce me to leave His Majesty.

KATIE. I'm afraid I should never see you again, and it's very cruel of you. (*lays head on H's shoulder*)

O'TOOLE. (*to Rivers*) Arrah ye rogue, ye've deluded that poor gyrrul, intoirely.

RIVERS. Sir! What?

O'TOOLE. She's yours out an' out, an' shure it's dead bate an' heart-broke intoirely I'd be if it warn't fer the widdy here. (*takes drink*)

RIVERS. (*to Katie*) Widow? Why she has a husband.

KATIE. Yes, but she believes he's been killed.

RIVERS. Killed! The villains! Poor old Russell.

O'TOOLE. The widdy has a heart that's worth its weight in gold sovereigns. She is a friend in nade, so she is indade.

RIVERS. How CAN she bear it?

KATIE. Why, she wants to be Queen of Spain. Ha-ha! Uncle isn't dead.

O'TOOLE. If it wasn't that I had that other noble heart to fall back on, I'd be fairly broken-hearted, so I would.

MRS. R. Oh, my darling Royal Majesty. (*kisses O'T.*)

O'TOOLE. I'll be like "Tim" in the song, (*takes Mrs. R's hand, sings, dances boisterously*)

Oh! A widdy lived in Limerick town,  
 Not far from Shannon water,  
 An' Tim kep' coomp'ny wid her.  
 A coortin' av Biddy, her darter.

But Micky McGan, he cut in between  
 An' ran away wid Biddy.  
 Begorra! Says Tim, the darter's gone,  
 So faix I'll take the widdy.

The widdy, not Biddy.  
 The fond and faithful widdy.

Whoor—roor—or—(*falls*)

MRS. R. (*on knees*) Oh, my own one, is your sacred person hurt?

O'TOOLE. (*rises*) Divil a bit, but our sacred stomick's impty. It's starved we are. Where's Rita, that cook av cooks. We'll find her. Come along jool. (*exit O'T. and Mrs. R.*)

RIVERS. (*to Katie*) Why the woman is mad, utterly mad.

VOICES. Vive el Rey! Vive el Rey!

KATIE. What's that noise?

VOICES. Vive el Rey! Vive Don Carlos!

KATIE. I hear horses coming.

ASHBY. Something has happened!

DOLORES. It's only the men celebrating their victory.

VOICES. Vive el Rey! Don Carlos! Make room for the king.

*Enter Don C., priest, soldiers. Ladies scream, cling to lovers.*

DON C. Ladies and gentlemen, do not be alarmed.

KATIE. (*aside*) Who is he, I wonder?

DON C. You have met with some misfortune. I shall be most happy to be of service to you.

ASHBY. Sir, we have been held prisoners.

BROOKE. Held for ransom.

DON C. Held for ransom! By whom?

RIVERS. By Don Carlos.

DON C. Don Carlos! Why what does this mean.

ASHBY. Don Carlos is here—

DON C. Here! Certainly he is here. I am he.

ALL. Don Carlos! What! Don Carlos!

DON C. Don Carlos, at your service. To-morrow we

shall resume our march and I shall be happy to do for you all in my power. You shall be free.

O'TOOLE. (*enters hastily*) Ah! Me darlints, its a foine dinner our R'yal Majesty will be--The divil! It's the king hisself. (*runs*)

DON C. It's that Irishman. It's O'Toole. The villain! Go catch him quick. (*exit soldiers*)

RUSSELL. (*off*) Help! Help!

ALL. What's that?

RUSSELL. Oh mercy! A fiend has me in her power.

DON C. What's all that?

RUSSELL. (*running on, Rita following*) Oh, once I was named Russell—but now—my name's—(*falls*) RITA—OH!  
*Rita runs off.*

RIVERS. Why! It's Russell!!

RUSSELL. Oh! I'm killed! Killed. Killed.

DON C. Another victim. O'Toole shall be made to suffer for this, the rascal.

RIVERS. (*helps R. up*) You're all right old fellow. She's gone.

RUSSELL. Is she g-g-gone?

ASHBY. We're all free! FREE!

RUSSELL. Fif—fif—free?

RIVERS. Yes, free.

DON C. Free. You shall all be free to-morrow.

KATIE. It's the king, Uncle. Don Carlos himself.

RUSSELL. Bu—but the other?

KATIE. Didn't I say he was Paddy.

DON C. I left O'Toole in command here. He's been doing a little business on his own account, I suspect.

RUSSELL. And oh my bonds, my bonds!

DON C. Bonds!

RUSSELL. Spanish bonds, they're gone. (*groans*)

ASHBY. No, they're not. This lady found them.

RUSSELL. Found them!

DOLORES. Mr. Ashby has them.

ASHBY. And here they are.

DON C. Do you know that this is the happiest moment of my life?

ASHBY. (*embrace Dolores*) And mine.

RIVERS. (*embrace Katie*) And mine.

BROOKE. (*embrace Sylvia*) And mine.

RUSSELL. (*hugs bonds*) AND MINE.

DON C. And now gentlemen, pardon me if I make a suggestion. You are all looking forward to the time when these lovely ladies will sustain the closest possible relation to you. Here sits my friend, the Cure of Santa Cruz, and he, let me assure you, can tie the knot so tight that it could not be tied tighter by the Holy Father himself, assisted by the Archbishop of Canterbury. There is a chapel in the castle. Suppose we say to-morrow morning.

ASHBY. Glorious !

RIVERS. By Jove, I'm willing !

BROOKE. Hurrah ! So am I.

DON C. Don't let the ladies escape you, gentlemen. Tell them, as that rascal O'Toole would say, "It's our Royal will."

Mrs. R. (*enter*) Oh where is he ? My own one, His Majesty ! Oh, where is the hope of Spain ?

*All laugh.*

RUSSELL. (*sees her*) Jeu—li—ar-r-r.

MRS. R. Is it an—an apparition. (*gasps*)

RUSSELL. (*opens arms*) Ju—u—lia !

MRS. R. John ! Oh John ! (*faints in arms*)

*End.*



# **“Our R’yal Majesty.”**

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A DRAMATIZATION BY

**“MARION EDDY”**

(MARIAN F. DELANOY.)

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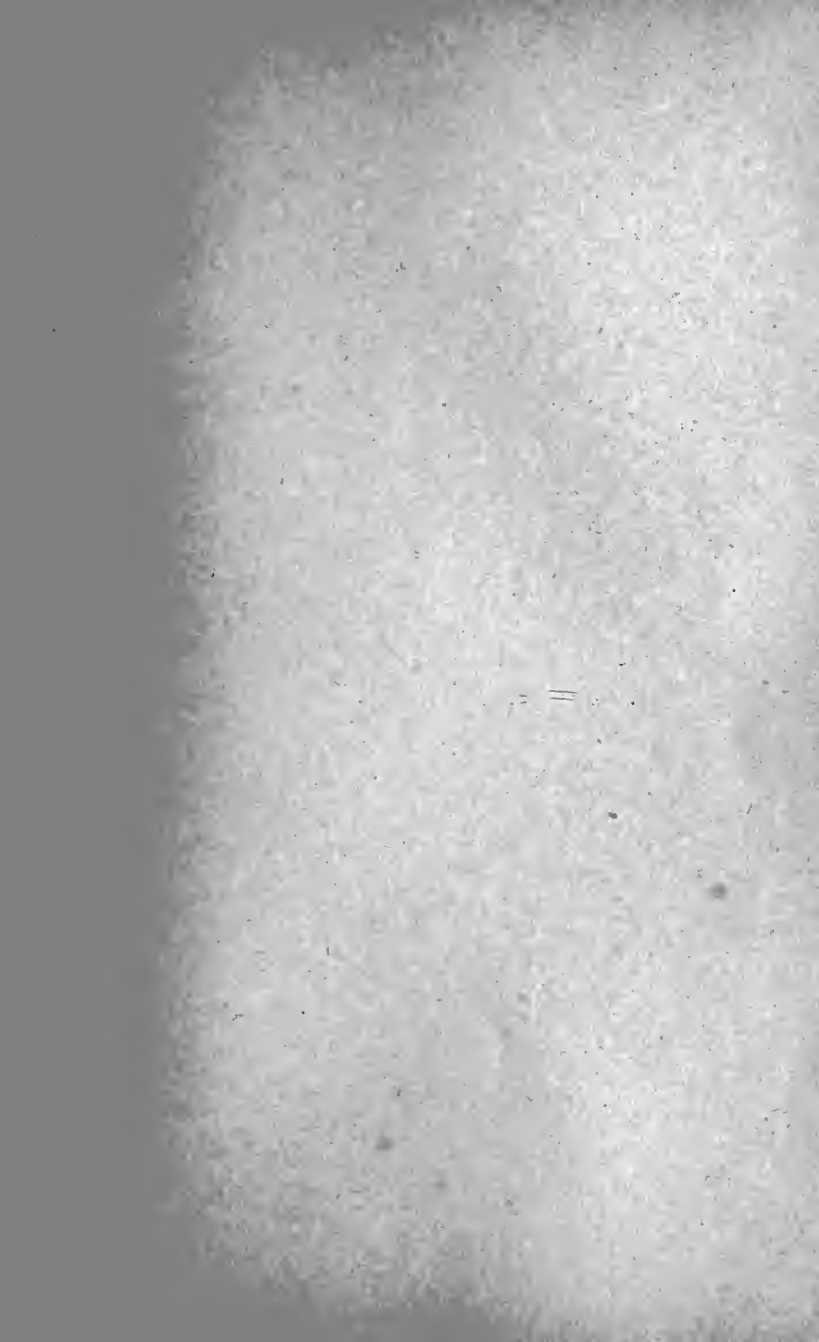




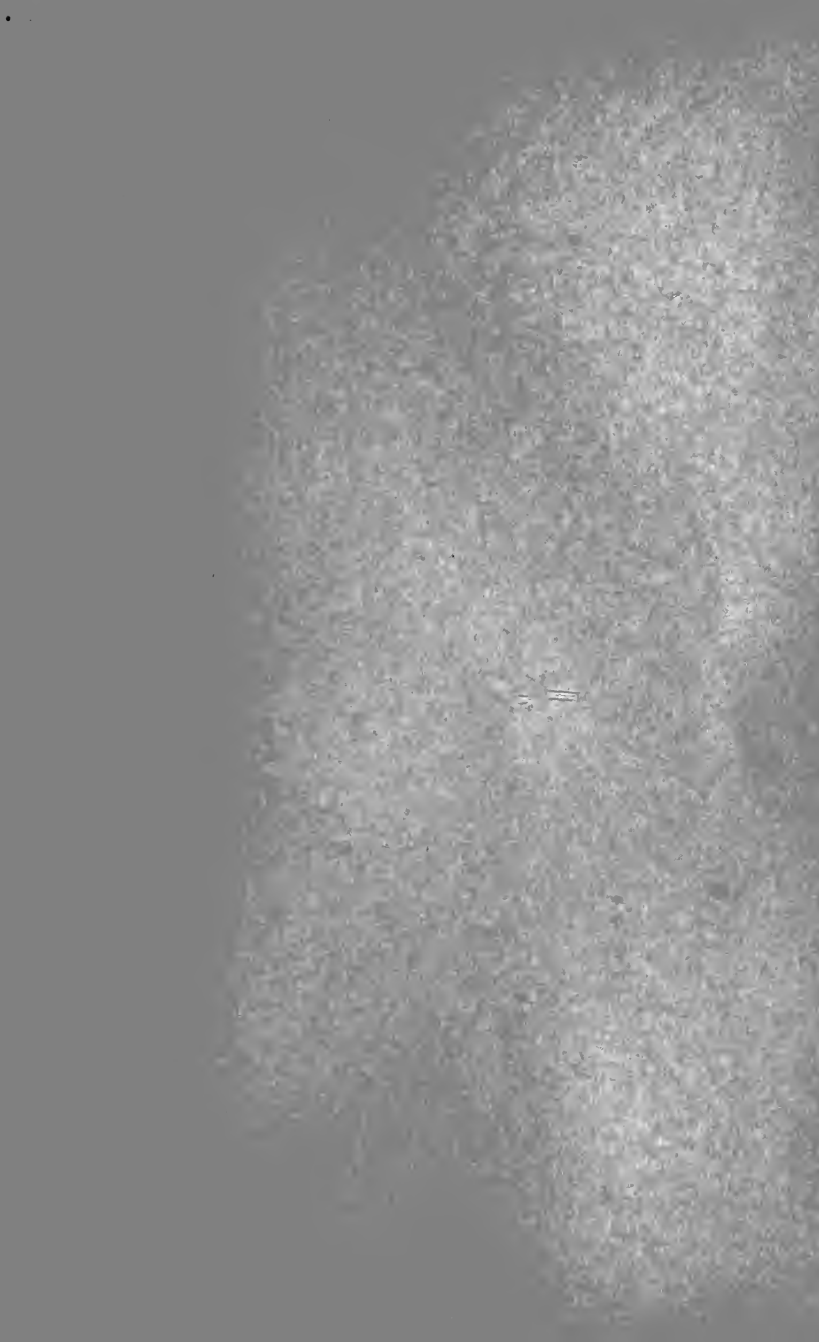






























































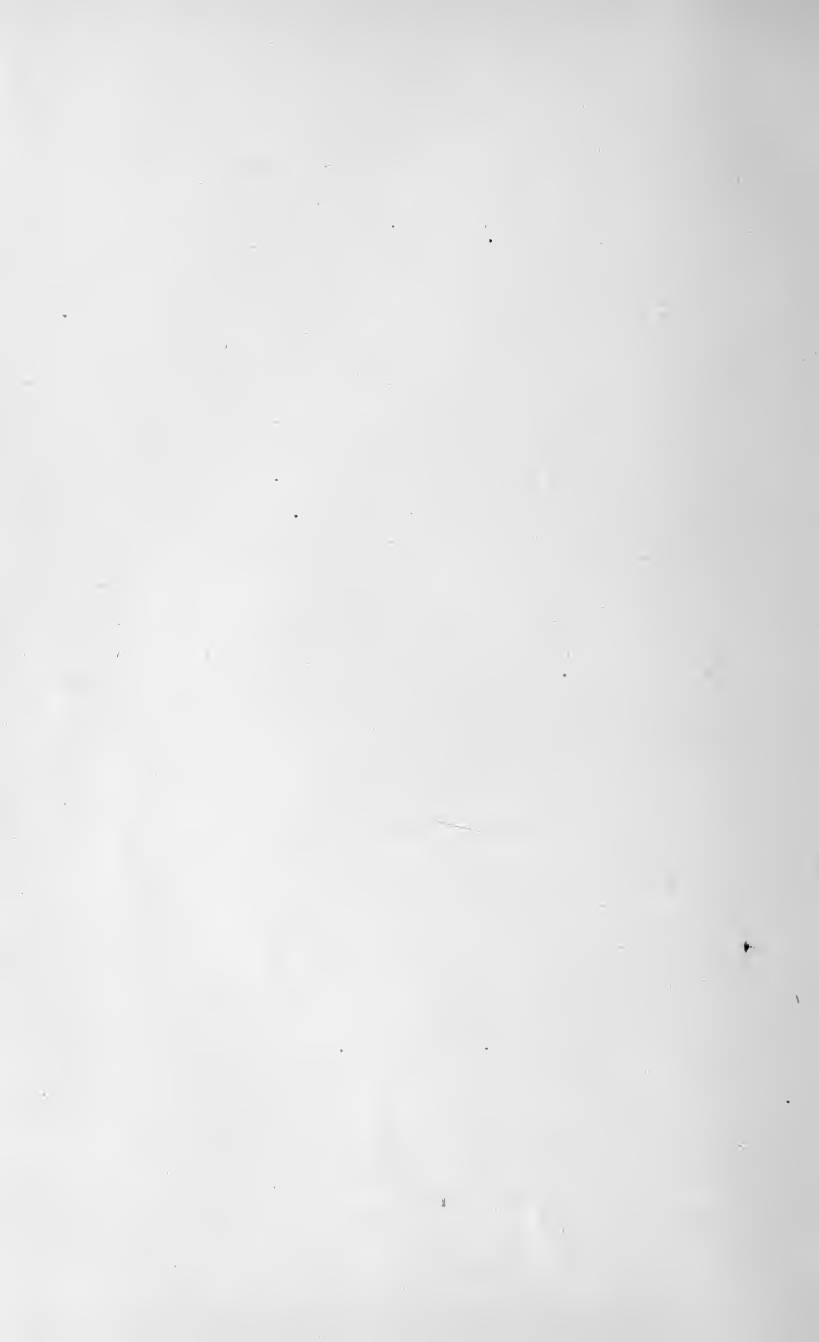
















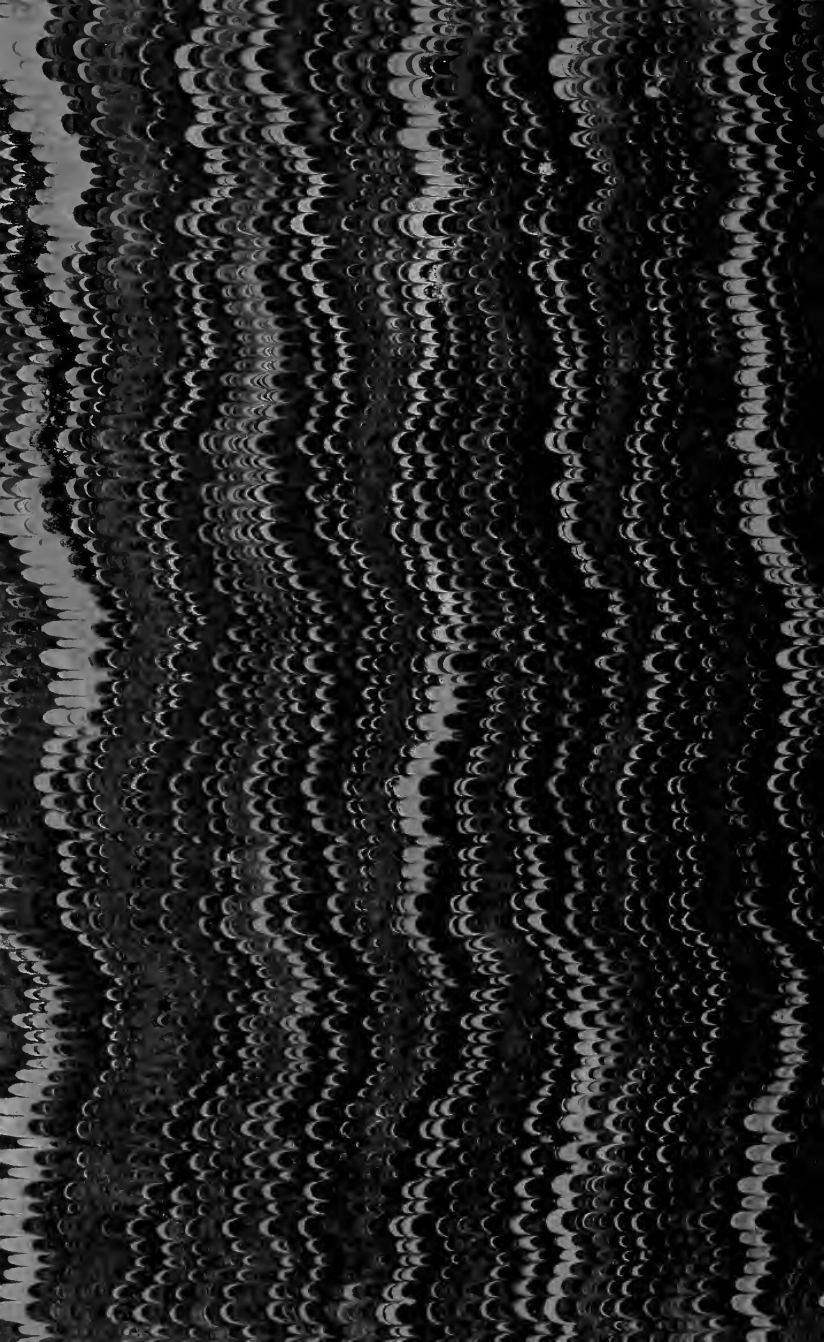














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